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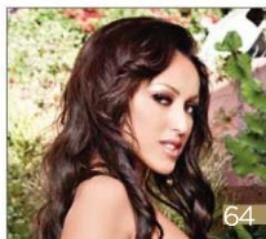
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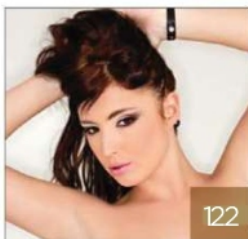
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64



106



122



**Nikki Benz**  
page 86

## PICTORIALS

### 64 **Bedazzled**

Pet of the Month  
Breanne Benson

### 86 **Queen of Hearts**

Pet of the Year Nikki Benz

### 106 **Four Play**

Vera, Jo, Blue Angel, Sandra

### 122 **Serendipity**

Bijou

## FULL FRONTAL

### 11 **Revealing Entertainment**

### 12 **Flicks**

The Coen brothers remake a classic western.

### 13 **DVDs**

Series sets of TV shows.

### 14 **Do It Cowgirl-Style**

We think of westerns as dudes-only. They're not.

### 16 **Sounds**

Cee Lo Green, Gang of Four, Steel Magnolia, and Cake.

### 17 **Reads**

Patton Oswalt, Denis Leary, and a father's bizarre double life.

## LIFE ON TOP

### 19 **Driving Force**

2011 roundup of hot new rides.

### 24 **Tech**

Cool stuff for the new year.

### 26 **Goods**

Our winter sports guide to state-of-the-art shredding.

### 28 **Guided Tour**

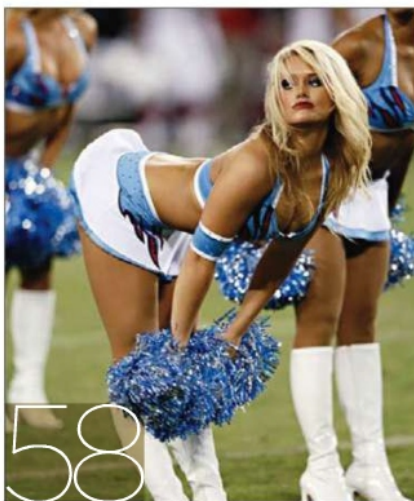
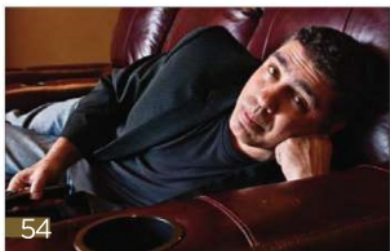
Miami's hot—literally and figuratively.

### 30 **Scoundrel**

Where to rebound with sexy girls.

### 32 **The Pour House**

Liquid holiday gifts—some already boxed.



## FEATURES

### 34 "Nice Work If You Can Get It"

A pictorial tribute to *Penthouse* founder Bob Guccione.

### 54 They Call Me Baba Boeey

Howard Stern's executive producer makes history. By Gary Dell'Abate

### 58 Gametime

The *Penthouse* NFL playoff quiz. By John Bolster

### 60 Repo Men

The economy still sucks, but not for those in the repo trade. By Harmon Leon

### 80 Nothing's Shocking

Rock star Dave Navarro takes your questions.

### 82 Snow Subs

Welcome to the drug war's cutting edge. By Jonathan Franklin

### 102 Sex Ed.

How to get your girl on top. By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdok, Ph.D.

### 116 Bedtime Stories

"The Webcam Never Lies," original erotic fiction by Damaris Garcia.

## DEPARTMENTS

### 4 Forum

### 98 Hard News

### 100 Penthouse Clubs

### 120 X-Rated Video

### 142 Parting Shot



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# Morning Hummer

**I** stood in front of the bathroom mirror, thinking about how I'd run into my former classmate at a convention, and how we'd screwed our brains out the night before. It had been nearly ten years since we'd seen each other, but Zara was still a beautiful woman, with her blonde hair and sparkling green eyes. It didn't take much effort to get her into bed. It was as if we'd traveled back in time to when we were young law students.

I was debating whether or not to shave when I noticed Zara's reflection in the mirror. She was leaning against the door frame, watching me. When

I turned to face her, she stepped toward me, took my hand in hers, and guided it to her breast while the other hand pulled my head down for a kiss.

"You were fantastic last night," she said, her hands moving to my chest. "If I'd known during law school how good you'd be in the bedroom, I would have flunked out for sure. I'd never have been able to concentrate on my classes after a night with you."

I had to laugh. If Zara had known how inexperienced I was back then,

**Zara's hand encircled my hard-on, stroking up and down. She cupped my balls, squeezing gently as she sank to her knees.**

I'd never have been able to seduce her. Then I stopped laughing as her fingers trailed down my chest toward my cock, and I surrendered to her enticing caresses. The fact that we'd screwed three times during the night didn't seem to matter. We were both aroused and ready for another round.

Zara's hand encircled my growing hard-on, gently stroking up and down. I couldn't help but moan in anticipation of what was to come. She has the most amazing mouth. She began kissing my neck, her tongue licking a path down to my nipples, pausing to swirl circles around each one. She cupped my balls, squeezing gently as she continued licking down my chest till she reached my cock.

She sank to her knees and ran her tongue up and down the shaft. Then she licked the slit and used her hand to pull down the foreskin before engulfing the head in her hot mouth. I leaned back and gripped the porcelain sink with both hands, watching as more and more of my cock disappeared into her mouth until her lips met the root. I closed my eyes and gave myself over to the sensation of her wet heat, thrusting my pelvis toward her face and moaning. She reached behind me and grabbed my ass, pulling me even closer each time I pushed forward. Zara loves giving head. She calls it "the ultimate kiss," and it felt damn good.

"God, Zara, don't stop. Let me come in your mouth," I pleaded.

Zara did not pull away. Instead she intensified her motion. I looked down at the mass of blonde hair in front of me. I'd never even dared to imagine getting a blowjob from Zara.

I felt myself stiffen, my body involuntarily starting to convulse as I exploded into her mouth. She held me in her mouth and continued to suck as I emptied my balls. After she released me, she licked away any remnants of come and sucked my balls one at a time before sitting back on her heels. She really was amazing, and all I could think was, *Good things happen in good time.* —N.M., via email

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## ■ DOUBLE TEAM

After weeks of talking and planning, my friend Aria and I were ready to surprise my husband by fulfilling not only two of his biggest fantasies, but two of our own.

As soon as Ray's car pulled into the driveway, Aria went into the bedroom and shut the door behind her, while I welcomed Ray with a kiss at the front door. I told him to take a quick shower because he had a very hot evening ahead of him.

I pushed Ray into the bathroom, then joined Aria in the bedroom, where she had already undressed. She looked flushed, and knowing Aria, she'd been fingering her pussy while she waited for the games to begin. I tossed my clothes in the hamper and gave her a wicked smile before kneeling between her legs and licking the juices from her pussy lips—confirming my suspicions. Then I went to wait for Ray outside the bedroom.

Ray wasn't surprised to see me completely naked, but his eyes got huge when I kissed him and he tasted pussy on my lips. I felt his cock twitch as he pushed me up against the wall and asked what I'd been up to. I told him it was Aria he'd tasted, and that she was waiting for us in the bedroom.

I pulled him inside and guided him down to the bed between Aria and me. We shared kisses with him and stroked his big cock and balls. Then Aria sucked my husband's dick until Ray decided to return the favor.

While Ray went down on Aria, I watched the hot scene and played with myself. I'd wanted the three of us to get together for some time, and when I'd told Ray, he said he'd fantasized about the same thing. Then I'd talked to Aria about it and one thing led to another, and she and I had ended up playing around. Watching them together now really did it for me, and I brought myself to a shuddering orgasm, drenching my hand in the process, while Aria flooded my husband's face with her juices.

Then Aria held out her arms to me and I straddled her face, lowering my pussy to her waiting mouth, giving my husband a close-up view of Aria sucking my cunt. It felt amazing, but after a few minutes I turned around so we were face-to-twat in a sixty-nine. Ray stroked his cock and urged us on with some of the filthiest talk I'd ever heard



leave his lips—I love it when he talks dirty. It wasn't long before I came, humping against Aria's lips while I lapped up her sweet nectar.

I moved over and Ray turned Aria onto her stomach and pulled her to her knees, burying his thick cock in her from behind. Watching him thrust in and out of Aria's juicy hole was even better than a porn video. It inspired me to spring another surprise on him.

Ray's stunned expression when he saw the rubber cock I'd strapped on was amazingly satisfying. I took his place and drove my strap-on deep into Aria's cunt.

"Fuck me, Roxie! Fuck me hard!" Aria cried out, pushing back to meet my thrusts.

It was exciting to be fucking another girl with a strap-on, and just as exciting

for Ray to watch the rubber dick thrust in and out of Aria's cunt until she reached an explosive orgasm.

Then Aria and I exchanged the rubber cock. I love taking dick in my backdoor, and had wondered what it would feel like to have a cock in my ass and my cunt at the same time. As Aria lay down on the bed, I handed Ray the bottle of lube and told him to fuck me.

As I impaled myself on Aria's cock, she spread my ass cheeks for Ray, who had moved in behind me. I trembled with excitement as he eased into my ass, thrilled at the sensation of being so full. Together, Ray and Aria gave me one of the best fucks of my life, bringing me incredible pleasure and, ultimately, an unbelievably intense orgasm.

Since that night, the three of us have been getting together about twice a month to fulfill all our deepest fantasies.—R. & R.J., Minnesota

*More letters on page 132*

**I brought myself to a shuddering orgasm while Aria flooded my husband's face with her juices.**

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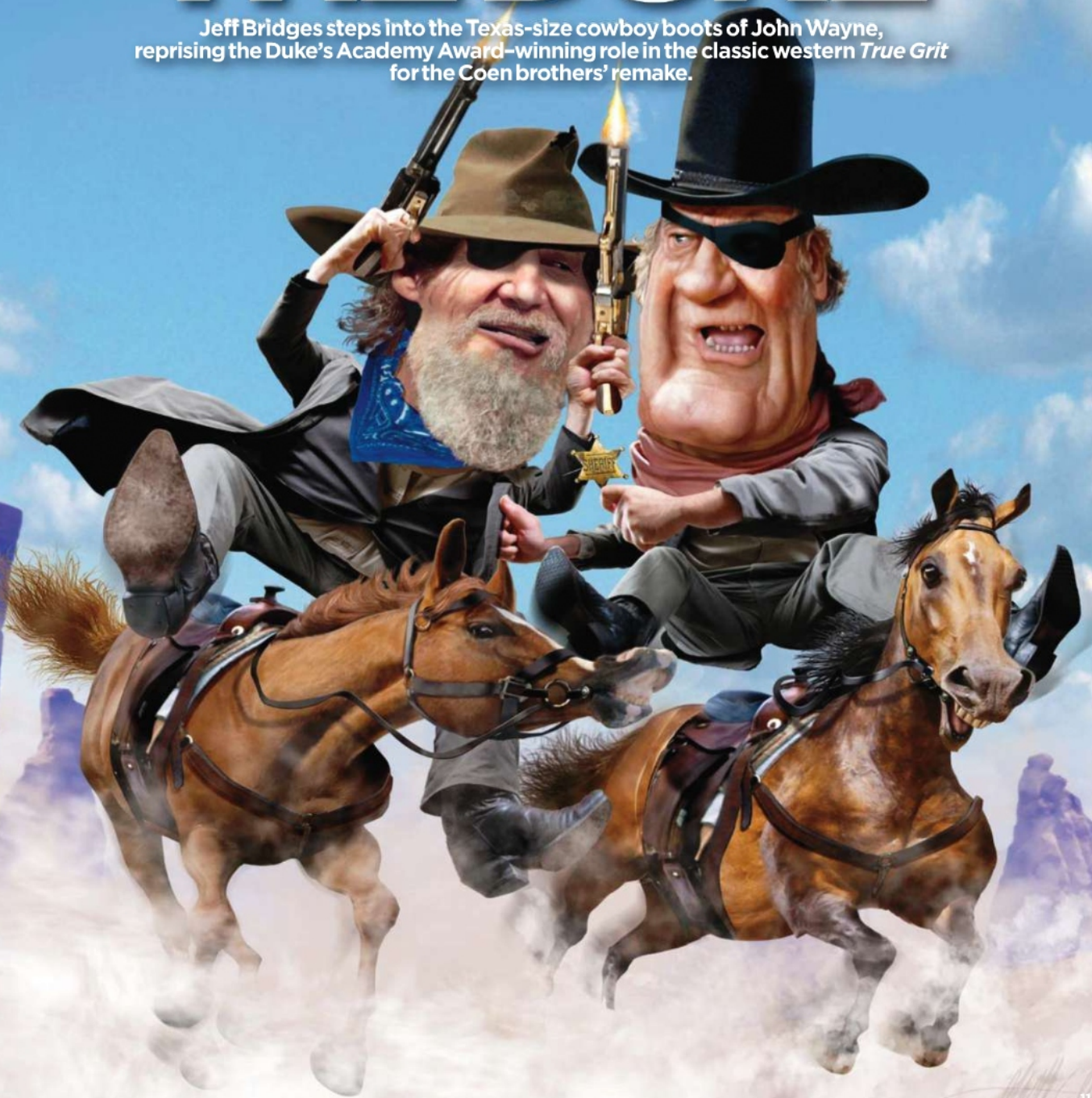
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# THE DUDE TAKES ON THE DUKE

Jeff Bridges steps into the Texas-size cowboy boots of John Wayne, reprising the Duke's Academy Award-winning role in the classic western *True Grit* for the Coen brothers' remake.





## Frontier Justice

The Coen brothers remake a classic revenge western with Jeff Bridges as a grizzled former U.S. marshal.

### True Grit

Jeff Bridges, Matt Damon, Josh Brolin

John Wayne had been a screen legend for decades when he finally won his first Oscar, for the 1969 version of this tale, a perfectly engineered revenge movie about a 14-year-old girl who hires a drunken U.S. marshal to help her get justice for her dead father. The Coen brothers now attempt a remake, standing, with Bridges and Damon, in the long shadow of the Duke. They bring loads of *No Country for Old Men*-style atmosphere and dread to the effort, along with leavening doses of tart humor in the screenplay. The last time the Coens tried a remake, in 2004, they produced a bit of a dud with *The Ladykillers*. But Marlon Wayans is

nowhere to be seen here, and if anyone's up to the task of refitting John Wayne for the twenty-first century, it's Bridges, in an eye patch and a gruff drawl. Damon plays a Texas Ranger who joins the hunt for his own reasons, and Brolin is the prey.



## BEST WESTERNS

He's teaming up with the Coens in *True Grit* this month, but Jeff Bridges is an old hand in the saddle. We reckon these are his Top 5 oaters.

### 5 HEARTS OF THE WEST (1975)

Bridges is perfect as the fresh-off-the-farm, hilariously named hero, Lewis Tater.

### 4 RANCHO DELUXE (1975)

This cult western comedy may not be for everyone, but we got a kick out of watching Bridges and a very young Sam Waterston (*Law & Order*) rustling cattle in seventies Montana.

### 3 HEAVEN'S GATE (1980)

At the time of its release, this was shunned by audiences and critics alike. Now, though, the pace feels relaxed, and Bridges' terrific performance as a defender and leader of settlers shines through.

### 2 WILD BILL (1995)

Bridges plays Wild Bill Hickok—the notorious lawman of Deadwood, South Dakota—in this elegiac (and psychedelic) take on the Wild West legend, with Ellen Barkin as Calamity Jane.

### 1 THE BIG LEBOWSKI (1998)

We know, we know, we're stretching the term "western" with this one, big time, but that seems fair since the movie itself is a genre-bending masterpiece. And hey, the "tumbly" tumbleweeds, Sam Elliott's cowboy narrator ("the Stranger"), and Bridges' laconic hero sure feel western to us, dude.

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPE



**How Do You Know**  
Jack Nicholson,  
Owen Wilson, Paul Rudd,  
Reese Witherspoon

Come Oscar time, you can't rule out veteran writer-director James L. Brooks, who, with his high-toned mainstream entertainments, regularly homes in on the Academy's sweet spot. His latest signals the return of Wilson, as a professional baseball player (for the Washington Nationals; plenty of joke opportunities there). Wilson competes with harried businessman Rudd for the affections of Witherspoon. The secret weapon is Nicholson as Rudd's crusty dad. All that's missing is a question mark at the end of the title.



**The Green Hornet**  
Seth Rogen, Cameron  
Diaz, Christoph Waltz,  
Tom Wilkinson

Rogen slimmed down impressively to play against type as an action hero here. But the guy really playing against type is director Michel Gondry, who mounts a megabudget action film for the first time, after making a virtue out of small-scale charms (*Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*). Can Gondry deliver? We're betting he takes the tack deployed by Jon Favreau in the *Iron Man* franchise, with its sly, self-deprecating wit. Taiwanese superstar Jay Chao plays sidekick Kato, and *Inglourious Basterds*'s lip-curling Waltz is the villain.



**Tron: Legacy**  
Jeff Bridges, Olivia Wilde,  
Michael Sheen

You may be too young to remember the original (or you didn't spend enough time in arcades as a kid), but this sequel to 1982's *Tron* has us cautiously optimistic. Oscar-winner Bridges returns to cyberspace as a heroic programmer, but the real draw here will be the state-of-the-art effects, a massive improvement on those of the dorky if hugely influential original. Adding much-needed heat will be *House*'s Wilde in a skintight outfit, as well as a bumping soundtrack by dance-floor maestros Daft Punk, who appear in the movie.



**Little Fockers**  
Robert De Niro, Ben Stiller,  
Jessica Alba, Owen Wilson

It turns out that, in fact, nothing is sacred. How else could we get, in this third installment of the *Meet the Parents* franchise, De Niro insisting that son-in-law Stiller become the "Godfather." As groan-inducing as that is sure to be, it's probably one of the few original (yet still awful) bits in this recycled-joke machine. In another forehead-slapping moment, De Niro's fellow seventies acting legend Harvey Keitel plays a wacky house contractor. *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver* were made less than 40 years ago, but this movie will make them seem light-years away.



DVDs

BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

## SERIES GREETINGS

Satisfy a wide range of TV cravings with this eclectic crop of series collections.

24

We enjoyed all eight of Jack Bauer's bad days, so we're looking forward to getting every explosion, betrayal, and whispered threat in one place. The Kim drama we could happily skip, but at least Chloe balances it out. The bonus disc features the show's 2009 Comic-Con panel, "Jack Bauer: Evolution of a Hero," "Presidents Friends and Villains," and a Chloe scene that we really don't want to spoil for you.



### The Six Million Dollar Man

Flash back to the seventies with this classic about a bionically enhanced test pilot. All 100 episodes are housed in a box with an audio chip and lenticular images; the set includes three pilot movies, three reunion movies, the crossover episodes with *The Bionic Woman*, and eight hours of new bonuses.



### Batman Beyond

This animated series provides a unique addition to the Caped Crusader canon. In 2039, an aged and acerbic Bruce Wayne teams up with a teen apprentice to tackle a new generation of crooks. The set includes three new featurettes—*Tomorrow Knight: The Batman Reborn*, *Gotham: City of the Future*, and *The High-Tech Hero*. It also comes with the 75th-anniversary documentary *Secret Origin: The Story of DC Comics* and a 24-page booklet of artwork compiled for this release.

### Prime Suspect

This Helen Mirren series about a British detective is perfect for any fan of smart women, particularly anyone who likes Kyra Sedgwick's *The Closer*, as Jane Tennison navigates old-boy-network office politics while solving brutal murders. The series box set boasts all seven miniseries, a behind-the-scenes special, a featurette, and a photo gallery.

Megan Fox



Angie Dickinson



## 1. JANERUSSELL

In her first screen role, in *The Outlaw* (1943)—as a fiery gal named Rio, fought over by Doc Holliday and Billy the Kid—Russell was greatly aided by two supporting performers: her ample boobs. Director/producer Howard Hughes designed a special cantilevered bra to better show off his star's assets.

## 2. BARBARASTANWYCK

Stanwyck's lusty, hate-filled Vance Jeffords of *The Furies* (1950) does not take kindly to rivals: When a woman threatens to come between her and her father, Vance permanently disfigures her stepmother-to-be with well-aimed scissors. When she's not scheming to get Dad's land in 1870s New Mexico Territory, Vance has two fellas to keep her busy—and frequently expresses her affection with a hard slap across the face.

## 3. GRACEKELLY

In *High Noon* (1952), Kelly's pacifist Quaker, who's married to former lawman Will Kane (Gary Cooper), struggles mightily with her conscience when a criminal Kane sent to jail is out for revenge and her husband must pick up his gun again. Yet when her man's life is endangered, she quickly puts her nonviolent ways aside.

## 4. NATALIEWOOD

Wood, still a teenager, played John Wayne's niece in *The Searchers* (1956)—the object of the film's quest. When Wayne's character finds Debbie, who had been abducted by Comanche Indians five years earlier,

# Do It Cowgirl-Style

We think of the western as a dudes-only genre—as in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, *The Man From Laramie*, and Clint Eastwood's *Man With No Name*. But as we await the Coen brothers' *True Grit*, we celebrate women who have been doing whatever it takes to survive the wild, wild west.

By Melissa Anderson

Sharon Stone



she's been fully assimilated and is living as one of the wives of the chief.

#### 5. ANGIE DICKINSON

Before she became seventies icon Pepper Anderson in *Police Woman*, Angie starred as flirty gambler Feathers—so named because of her fondness for boas and other plumage—in Howard Hawks's great oater *Rio Bravo* (1959). Feathers is so foxy that not even John Wayne's gruff sheriff can resist her.

#### 6. JULIE CHRISTIE

Christie rightfully received an Oscar nomination for her *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* (1971) portrayal of the opium-addicted Constance Miller, a madam who teams up with Warren Beatty's McCabe to run a brothel in a podunk Pacific Northwest town in Robert Altman's great anti-western.

#### 7. LYNN WHITFIELD

Whitfield is one of the few African-American women ever cast in a Hollywood western. In *Silverado* (1985), Lawrence Kasdan's tribute to the genre, she plays the estranged sister of Danny Glover's sharpshooter Mal. A member of a righteous gang of four, Mal helps thwart a corrupt rancher and lawmen, then he and sis reunite and head out to rebuild their father's burned-down claim.

#### 8. DREW BARRYMORE

As a member of the *Bad Girls* (1994) quartet of frontier prostitutes on the lam after one of them kills a depraved colonel, Barrymore shows off her skills as a rough rider, jumping onto



Andie MacDowell, Mary Stuart Masterson, Madeleine Stowe, and Drew Barrymore

a runaway wagon and reining in the horses. She and her pals, Madeleine Stowe, Andie MacDowell, and Mary Stuart Masterson, display their other assets at the swimming hole.

#### 9. SHARON STONE

She rides into the town of Redemption as "the Lady" in Sam Raimi's cult classic *The Quick and the Dead* (1995), out to avenge her father's death, and enters a single-elimination gun-fighting contest to settle some old scores. While she's not lightning-fast on the draw, her aim is impeccable.

#### 10. GRETCHEN MOL

In *3:10 to Yuma* (2007), James Mangold's remake of the Delmer Daves's 1957 classic, Mol wearily stands by her man, a Union Army vet who lost part of his leg in the Civil War and resettled his family in Arizona, where they're barely scraping by. But when he helps capture a notorious outlaw, her faith in her husband is slowly restored.

#### 11. KELLY MACDONALD

Another wife shows her devotion—against her better judgment—in the Coen brothers' *No Country for Old Men* (2007). When her husband finds \$2 million after a botched drug deal, Macdonald's nervous Carla Jean ultimately comes around to supporting him. Later, she's downright fearless when confronted by Javier Bardem's coin-tossing psychopath.

#### 12. MARY-LOUISE PARKER

Parker shines in *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford* (2007) as the wife of the notori-

ous American outlaw. Parker frets over the safety of Brad Pitt's Jesse James, whose crimes have forced his family to constantly be on the move, as he slowly loses his grip on reality, unable to discern friend from foe.

#### 13. MEGAN FOX

Fox's gun-toting prostitute was our favorite thing in *Jonah Hex* (2010), a tongue-in-cheek adaptation of the DC Comics series. Her character services the disfigured antihero and finds herself kind of sweet on the guy with the messed-up mug. **C+**

Jane Russell





Cee Lo Green will satisfy your soul on his warm, joyful, retro-futurist gem of a third album.



**CEE LO GREEN**  
*The Lady Killer*  
Elektra

★★★★★

"This ... is classic and not just simply because I say it is," Cee Lo Green sings late on his third solo album, and it's awfully hard to disagree with him. The corpulent crooner, born Thomas Callaway, has had a wonderfully varied career: critical acclaim as one-fourth of Southern rap innovators Goodie Mob, and chart success as half of Gnarls Barkley. But all of that is prelude to *The Lady Killer*, a staggering summation—scratch that, *celebration*—of everything Cee Lo's accomplished up to this point. Under the sweetly soulful guidance of producers the Smeezingtons and Fraser T. Smith, Cee Lo has crafted an album of warm, retro-futurist pop that joyously obliterates the line between Motown and modern.

# BUILT FOR COMFORT



**STEEL MAGNOLIA**  
*Steel Magnolia*  
Big Machine  
★★★★

Steel Magnolia may just change that. Reality TV is more likely to give you a tanning-related catchphrase than a new favorite group, but country duo



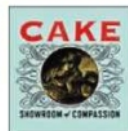
**GANG OF FOUR**  
*Content*  
Yep Roc  
★★★★

Franz Ferdinand, and Bloc Party borrowed liberally from Gang of Four, nearly canonizing the 30-year-old English quartet in the process. Thankfully, Jon King and Andy Gill—half of the original Gang—won't settle for being anyone's inspiration. *Content*, the group's first new album in 16 years, is a blistering reminder that their revolutionary template—arch capitalist critiques over dark funk and angular riffs—remains as relevant as ever in our narcissistic digital age. "I Party All the Time," the album's thundering centerpiece, will *not* remind you of Eddie Murphy.



**CAKE**  
*Showroom of Compassion*  
Upbeat Records  
★★★★

singers could not only find themselves on a major label, but also wind up with a radio hit or two. The second track of Cake's first new album in seven years, the politely groovy, horn-inflected "Long Time," tackles the gap between the present day and "The Distance" (the group's 1996 smash hit) head-on. It has been a while, but the band, especially lead yakker John McCrea, sound as fit as ever. Even regretful laments like "Mustache Man" ("I have wasted so much time!") succeed, thanks to some savvy veteran wisdom: When in doubt, add more cowbell.



Cake are proud, bearded veterans of the nineties, a bygone era when quirky bands with spoken-word



# General Patton

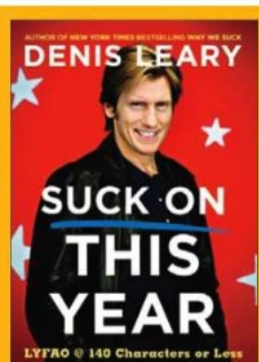
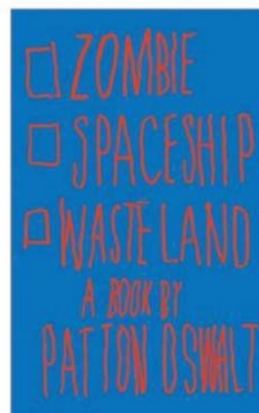
In full command of his comic gifts, Patton Oswalt offers a survey course of his childhood, career launch, and interior life in his hilarious debut.

*Zombie Spaceship Wasteland*

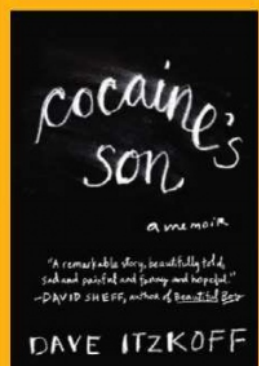
By Patton Oswalt  
Scribner

**T**his collection by the accomplished stand-up and actor (*Big Fan*, *Ratatouille*) sprinkles a range of absurdities (fake greeting cards, counterfeit hobo songs) over depth-charged glimpses of Oswalt's childhood, early stand-up career, and the evolution of his worldview. He brings insight and passion to his subjects that lift the book above hipster snark to the level of something you'll want to reread and savor. If you know a smart kid who's trapped in suburbia

and aching to get out (as Oswalt was as a Virginia teen working at a movie theater), do him a favor and get him a copy of *Zombie Spaceship Wasteland*. As the title suggests, the tone and subject matter veer toward the geeky—there are two chapters devoted to *Dungeons & Dragons*—but you don't have to get all of Oswalt's references to absorb his keen observations. He skewers wine snobs, vampire pop culture, hack comics, and pretentious screenwriters—along with himself. He also shines a light on a side of Los Angeles that you don't often see or hear about, but that you'll want to visit after devouring this hilarious, incisive read.



Hey, we tweeted our review of Leary's new Twitter-inspired book from Viking. Here it is, all 140 characters: "Stand-up and FX star Leary to add revenue stream by tapping into 'Twitter book' phenomenon. Does get off some good lines. Stocking stuffer?" And now, the part that wouldn't fit: We prefer tweets online, but Leary's microhumor is amusing: "Scientists create new embryo that's one part man, two parts woman. Calling it marriage." A portion of the book's proceeds go to Leary's Firefighter Foundation.



Did you know that furriers party like freakin' rock stars? We had *no* idea. (Imagine what PETA could do with that information.) Itzkoff's dad picked up a nasty coke habit back in the sixties, and maintained both his addiction and a thriving fur business for most of the ensuing three decades. In this memoir from Villard, the son, a writer for *The New York Times*, provides a clear-eyed look back at growing up with his afflicted father's odd double life.—*John Bolster*



# Don't Miss Out On The **Wildest Live Webcams!**

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# ROAD PREDATOR

Sure, it looks like the go-to vehicle for a galaxy far, far away, but will it get you from here to there on planet Earth? Damn straight.

By Bill Heald





## T-Rex 14RR

Engine	<b>1,400-cc inline four</b>
Horsepower	<b>197</b>
0-60	<b>3.92 seconds</b>
EPA mileage	<b>To be determined</b>
Base price	<b>\$51,999</b>

**I**f you're hankering to replace your four-wheeler with something new and edgy, why not really take a walk on the wild side and go for three wheels? The T-Rex is best seen rather than described, for it gives the appearance of a backward rickshaw from hell with serious performance credentials and a peerless "What the hell was that?" presence when you motor by ordinary vehicles. You can whip through traffic with the lithe chassis and scurry down narrow alleys like a mechanical spider in true Dark Knight style. You may recall the Can-Am Spyder we told you about awhile back, which moves like crap through a goose and you sit on it like a motorcycle. This beast has a similar layout, but you and your passenger sit side-by-side, and instead of handlebars you have an automotive-style steering wheel. The T-Rex comes in two models: the 14R and 14RR. Both are powered by a 1,400-cc Kawasaki inline four that pumps out just under 200 horsepower, and launches the 1,040-pound vehicle to 60 mph in less than four seconds. *Yeehaw!* The



transmission is a six-speed sequential unit and the final drive is via chain, so there is some motorcycle in this machine after all. The 14RR has additional performance goodies, like fully adjustable suspension components, and both variants

have optional motorcycle-style saddlebags for last-minute road trips. If your companion hates the open air, you'll want to take a pass on this one, but otherwise you won't find a more unique ride this side of Pluto, or a more entertaining way to roll.

## Hyundai Equus

Engine	<b>4.6-liter V-8</b>
Horsepower	<b>385</b>
0-60	<b>6.39 seconds</b>
EPA mileage	<b>16 city/19 highway</b>
Base price	<b>\$58,000</b>

You gotta love Hyundai. Years ago they started out with less-than-stellar offerings here in the states, but these days the company has not only been building exciting, innovative high-quality machines, it's literally been poking its corporate fingers in the eye of the competition with its latest offerings. Things really took off with the rear-drive Genesis sedan and coupe, which delivered both performance and luxury at a price that dramatically undercut the competition. Now Hyundai has its sights set on the Lexus LS and Mercedes-Benz S-class with the Equus sedan, which is as big as a house (you could almost get a horse in the backseat, which may explain the name) and packed with tons of high-tech luxury



hardware. A 385-horsepower Tau V-8 engine rockets the big sedan around on its electronically controlled Air Suspension, with Sport and Normal settings to suit your mood of the day. Icing on the cake? Every Equus comes with an iPad interactive owner's manual, so you get a great tablet device *and* a fantastic car to drive.



## Chevrolet Volt

Engine	<b>Electric motor, 1.4-liter inline four gas generator</b>
Horsepower	<b>149 (motor), 84 (engine/generator)</b>
0-60	<b>Under 9 seconds</b>
EPA mileage	<b>To be determined</b>
Base price	<b>\$41,000 (less tax rebate of up to \$7,500)</b>

To say that the Chevy Volt plug-in hybrid sedan is important to General Motors is an understatement, because the company is taking a chance with the first mass-produced electric car with an onboard generator to extend its range. The Volt's drivetrain is powered by an electric motor that plugs in overnight to charge the lithium-ion batteries, and then, depending on conditions, you can drive 25 to 50 miles on electric power alone. When that's done, the gasoline engine fires up to charge the batteries and get you another 300 miles or so. At any point when you stop, you can plug in the car



and save more fuel, which makes the four-passenger Volt one miserly vehicle. You can plug it into any 120-volt outlet and recharge the depleted batteries in 10 to 12 hours, or you can get the 240-volt home charger (\$490) to do it in about four hours. The interior is as futuristic as its powertrain, and should appeal to geeks as well as greenies (or anybody who is tired of supporting the oil companies).



## DRIVING FORCE

### Jeep Grand Cherokee

Engine	<b>3.6-liter V-6</b> <b>5.7-liter V-8</b>
Horsepower	<b>360 (V-8)</b>
0-60	<b>7.6 seconds</b>
EPA mileage	<b>13 city/19 highway</b> <b>(V-8 four-wheel drive)</b>
Base price	<b>\$32,995</b>

We all want to get dirty occasionally; the trick is to do it and still stay presentable. The Jeep Grand Cherokee has always been off-road capable, but it never really had that "conquer the jungle while you're wearing a tux" aura that has been Range Rover's bailiwick. The all-new Cherokee is armed for bear in terms of bush-bounding prowess, but at the same time is seriously focused on firing on all cylinders in a luxury sense. Behold the option of two-wheel or three different four-wheel drive systems, as well as Quadra-Lift suspension that boasts five settings that can lower the vehicle for easy loading, or raise it for



up to 10.7 inches of ground clearance. And you can get the Selec-Terrain traction control that optimizes drive/suspension systems for sand and mud encounters or sporty on-road driving. All this happens in a sturdy unit-body chassis, with an interior appropriate for a country club (complete with a bevy of "infotainment" choices).



### Jaguar XJ

Engine	<b>5-liter</b> <b>supercharged V-8</b>
Horsepower	<b>510</b>
0-60	<b>4.7 seconds</b>
EPA mileage	<b>18 combined</b>
Base price	<b>\$110,200</b>

If you haven't experienced one of the Big Cats, you haven't really sampled one of the finer experiences found in motoring. Do I sound like a British advertising guy? Probably. But that's because my experience with Jaguars has always left me smitten with the machines, and for good reason: They really do have a feel and attitude all their own. The new XJ sedan is but another expression of fine British coachmanship, but the reason this is such a hot ticket is the engine you must select. Skip over the standard mills and opt for the Supersport version with the delicious supercharged V-8. This puts serious predator claws into this feline, yet as always it purrs like a kitten for the owner (and lucky passengers), with



the finest in accommodations and a certain quiet, elegant class you can't find elsewhere. The passenger compartment radiates class, starting with a standard panoramic glass roof that adds a sense of space. I could go on about the lovely, contemporary electronics, but I honestly think that's not what this Jaguar is all about. Power. Comfort. Class. 'Nuff said.






## Audi R8

Engine	<b>5.2-liter V-10</b>
Horsepower	<b>525</b>
0-60	<b>3.7 seconds</b>
EPA mileage	<b>12 city/20 highway</b>
Base price	<b>\$147,500</b>

There are a fair number of dead-sexy supercars out there, and most of them come from Italy. However, Audi has created something truly hot and bothered in their R8—a supremely beautiful machine with magnificently seductive styling backed up with some heavyweight German engineering and technology. There are two engines available, but are you going to spend more than 100 grand and opt for the smallish V-8? No way. The R8 5.2 has the mill you want: a 525-horsepower mid-engine V-10 that lights up the tarmac and can be seen in all its glory under its clear cover. But the engineering eye candy is just the beginning. The hand-built R8 is a veritable R&D laboratory on wheels, which shouldn't be surprising, as many of its technologies come straight from the Audi Motorsports program. All that delicious V-10 power is channeled through Audi's extremely gripping quattro all-wheel drive system, and a suspension that Audi calls "Magnetic Ride." The makers explain it thusly: "Using a magnetically charged fluid inside the damper reservoirs, Magnetic Ride is able to adapt continuously to driver



style and road conditions in just fractions of a second." Good thing, too. In a car with a top speed just a hair under 200 mph, things tend to happen quickly. I should note that Audi is

bringing over a Spyder R8, adding a convertible to the family. But you lose the transparent engine cover, so we say stick with the hardtop. It's just too beautiful to pass up. 

### ■ Apple TV

Apple • \$99

The revamped Apple TV is a palmsize gateway to television shows, movies, and online content that's smaller, simpler, and maybe even cheaper than your cable box. Just connect it to your HDTV via an HDMI cable and plug in the power cord. Apple TV syncs wirelessly to the internet through your home network and lets you watch TV programs and movies à la carte—99 cents per show and \$3 for movie rentals. It also streams your photos, music, and Netflix picks, along with YouTube and other free online entertainment. Unfortunately, it won't play nonsanctioned movies stored on your computer, making it less versatile than pirate-friendly media streamers like the just-released Boxee Box. Still, Apple TV is easier to use and cheaper. But is it cheaper than your cable bill? Track your TV habits and do the math.



# Happy New Gear

Here's a resolution that's easy to stick with: Buy more cool stuff in the new year.

By Crispin Boyer



### ■ Galaxy Tab

Samsung • \$600

Tablet computers are lining up like oversize, glossy-screened dominoes to compete with the iPad, but the petite Galaxy Tab stands on its own. Whereas the iPad has no camera, this has two: a rear one for snapping pics (and accessing the eerily powerful Google Goggles visual-search tool) and a front one for video conferencing. It's powered by the Android operating system, but can also support Flash-based applications and sites, and it's compatible with more than 80,000 apps in the Android Market. Like the Galaxy S smartphone, the Tab offers Samsung's social and media hubs for keeping tabs on contacts and downloading e-books, TV shows, and movies, which pop to life on the vibrant seven-inch screen.

### ■ P8478 sunglasses

Porsche Design • \$400

Add credibility to your "my other car is a Porsche" bumper sticker with these classic aviators, a reissue of a legendary line of sunglasses launched in 1978. The lightweight frames are crafted from solid titanium, built to withstand a high-octane lifestyle, and each pair comes with two sets of interchangeable polycarbonate lenses that can survive most high-speed crashes. If you live fast and die young, at least you'll leave behind a beautiful pair of sunglasses.





### ■ Portable digital boom box

FirstStreet • \$150

With its bass-booming speakers, AM/FM tuning knob, and telescoping antenna, this hefty portable stereo looks like the ultimate blaster from the past. But hidden beneath its straight-from-the-eighties facade lie plenty of twenty-first-century features. Popping open the phony cassette hatch reveals a connector for your iPod/iPhone/iPod Touch (a separate auxiliary jack supports other portable-music players), while the tuner can record FM broadcasts directly to any full-size SD card or USB memory stick in MP3 format. Boom boxes like this were meant to be hefted as well as heard, so naturally you can load this thing with eight D batteries, perch it on your shoulder, and rock the block like it's 1985.



### ■ Sentinels playing cards

Theory11 • \$6

Sure, any old deck of beer-stained cards will do the job come poker night, but studly stud-poker players can upgrade their game with a deck of Sentinels from ace card-making firm Theory11. This deck, which incorporates original art inspired by the Illuminati, mythology, and even the occult, is a conversation starter as well as a practical addition to your poker table. Each card has a textured surface that makes shuffling, drawing, and throwing down a little friendlier on the fingers. And at this price, even poor frat boys can afford to class up their antes.



### ■ Arc Touch Mouse

Microsoft • \$70

Laptop touchpads have never been as handy as a good mouse by your side, so Microsoft created this wireless mouse for on-the-go pointing and clicking. It's just a half-inch thick and folds flat for toting in your laptop bag, then springs into ergonomic, palm-cupping action when you switch it on. The silver touch strip on the front acts as both a scroll wheel and additional buttons, depending on whether you slide your finger on it or tap it. Sensors on the bottom track its motion on just about any surface, while two AAA batteries keep it alive and clicking for at least six months.

Think of this pricey but panoramic 43-inch monitor as surround sight.



### ■ CRVD curved monitor

Ostendo • \$6,500

Two screens are no longer better than one when it comes to high-end PC gaming or work-flow-intensive applications. This pricey but panoramic monitor takes up the same desktop footprint as two screens, yet it offers one seamless display. Think of it as surround sight—the wraparound, 43-inch screen engages your peripheral vision and displays nearly twice the image of a typical 16:9 display. And unlike multiple monitors, it's easy to hook up (it has just one video cable) and won't clutter your vision with gaps between screens. It will work with your PC's current graphics card, too.

# GOING DOWNHILL... FAST

Ride like a fighter pilot and record all your backcountry missions with our winter-gear guide to state-of-the-art shredding.

By Crispin Boyer

## ■ i.Peak82 FLRSW PR Pro

Head • \$850

These are true all-mountain skis, fit for powder, open bowls, and all the crud in between, and built for expert bicoastal shredders who fear neither Vermont ice nor Rocky Mountain backcountry. These fast, versatile planks become stiffer when you hit hyperdrive, providing more stability at high speeds and extra maneuverability when you put on the brakes. And the wood-core, carbon-stuffed construction makes them tough enough to take a beating, in case you zig when you should have zagged.



## ■ Transcends GPS goggles

Zeal Optics • From \$400

Top Gun's Maverick and Goose (may he rest in peace) rode into the danger zone with fighter-jet heads-up displays, and now you can, too. Just strap on these polarized goggles, essentially a cockpit for your eyeballs. An itty-bitty LCD screen beneath the left eye simulates a 14-inch display that beams enough high-definition data—speed, altitude, airtime, temperature, location, distance—to make a cybernetic Shaun White's head spin. Oversize buttons at your temples scroll through display modes and recap recent runs, while a USB port lets you download your day's performance for later analysis. The seven-hour lithium-ion battery gives you a full day to monitor your metrics and go bigger, faster. Do it for Goose!

## ■ HD Hero 960 helmet camera

GoPro • \$180

It's a sad fact of mountain life: If you do a sick trick and no one catches it on video, it never happened. Record every front flip and face-plant for posterity and bragging rights with this tiny helmet-mounted camera that records two-and-a-half hours of fish-eye 960p video (or thousands of five-megapixel photos) on a single charge. Although bulky, the camera's plastic case makes it virtually indestructible—as well as waterproof, so you can mount it to your surfboard after the snow melts. An advanced audio processor filters out wind noise, ensuring that every crunching impact is loud and clear when you re-create that agony-of-defeat video from *Wide World of Sports*.





### ■ Bamboo Series Downhill Complete Freebord • \$255


Don't deny yourself downhill thrills just because you live too far south of the Mason-Dixon Line for a decent snow job from Mother Nature. All you need are some hilly roads and this modified skateboard that provides a snowboarding experience on sun-baked asphalt. The wide, flexible trucks work like a snowboard's edges, letting you carve left and right down steep streets. Meanwhile, two special wheels on the board's center help you skid to a sideways stop just like on a snowboard. Bindings keep your feet glued to the deck for extra control, but you can easily pop yourself free if and when you need to make an emergency bailout.



### ■ Covert AvaLung backpack Black Diamond • \$220

Nothing's a bigger buzzkill than running low on carbs and liquid courage during a day off-piste—except maybe getting smothered under a pesky avalanche. The AvaLung line of backpacks covers both contingencies. The Covert model is roomy enough for plenty of snacks and a beverage of your choice, which you can stow in the insulated hydration sleeve. Plus, you can breathe easily should the world come crashing down. Just wrap your lips around the pack's air tube and inhale. The tube extracts fresh air directly from the snowpack, keeping you alive until help arrives.

### ■ Hammerhead Pro XLD Hammerhead Sleds • \$349

Don't get too cocky because you survived a childhood of break-neck downhill sled runs without actually breaking your neck. The Vermont-based Hammerhead Sleds is doing its damndest to put grown-up luge enthusiasts into full-body casts. The company's high-performance sleds are made for careening down triple-black diamonds, launching into low Earth orbit, and burying the competition in pro-level sled racing. (Yes, it's a thing.) The Pro XLD is the Cadillac of the line. Its mesh seat doesn't sap body heat, and its aluminum frame survives re-entries safely even when you don't. Real men ride it headfirst, wearing a BMX helmet, with legs dangling in the powder to bleed speed and dodge caribou. 



### ■ Travis Rice C2 BTX Horsepower Lib Tech • \$697

Hard-core snowboarders collect boards like they acquire wrist fractures, amassing sticks for every conceivable snow condition and terrain-park feature. The do-everything, go-anywhere C2 BTX freestyler is a full quiver in one board. Its edges grip ice yet slice through fluffy powder, while its hybrid rocker/camber delivers turbo speed down groomed runs and happy landings off the kickers. Not even the park and half-pipe can defy this manly all-mountain monster. Plus, an eco-friendly topcoat made of recycled bean oil means you can ride with a clear conscience while cracking fart jokes in freefall.



# MIAMI HEAT

Orange Bowl week makes southern Florida one of early winter's hottest spots—literally and figuratively. We found the best places for fun, in and out of the sun.

By Joe Diamond

## HOTEL HOT SPOTS

■ **LIV at the Fontainebleau Miami Beach Hotel**  
Fontainebleau.com; 4441 Collins Avenue; 305-674-4680

The Fontainebleau's star-studded nightclub has seen everybody from the likes of Bill Clinton, Maria Sharapova, and Lady Gaga to Jesse James's ink-stained mistress Michelle "Bombshell" McGee. Dutch mix master DJ Tiësto calls LIV his favorite club. "We get the models, we get the party girls," says Brett Weithorn, the owner of nightlife website Joonbug Miami, who promotes the club's weekly "Dirty Hairy" party, a favorite with local hipsters.

■ **The Cleveland Bar**  
Cleveland South Beach Hotel  
Cleveland.com; 1020 Ocean Drive; 877-532-4006

The Cleveland is at the center of South Beach's famed Art Deco

District on Ocean Drive; its enormous outdoor patio and sweeping view of the Atlantic pull in both locals and tourists. There are plenty of conversation lubricants on hand—the Cleveland boasts the widest variety of beverages in South Beach, including 15 frozen cocktails.

## A DAY AT THE BEACH

■ **Nikki Beach Miami**  
NikkiBeach.com/Miami;  
1 Ocean Drive; 305-538-1111

Nikki Beach Miami, the flagship of a global chain of beach clubs, has gained a reputation as an upscale party haven for models, movie stars, jet-setters, and other vacationing fun-seekers. Full food and VIP bottle service is available in the cabanas and lounge beds; a popular Sunday brunch (\$43 plus tax and tip) features custom pastas, freshly carved meats, sushi, desserts, and, of course, waffles and omelets.

## BARS AND LOUNGES

■ **Waxy O'Connor's**  
Waxys.com; 1248 Washington Avenue; 305-534-7824

■ **The Playwright Irish Pub and Restaurant**  
PlaywrightIrishPub.com; 1265 Washington Avenue; 305-534-0667  
South Beach's Washington Avenue has a number of laid-back bars, all within walking/stumbling distance of one another; these two are our top picks. According to Miami Beach 411 blogger Matt Meltzer, "They attract the more approachable out-of-town girls who aren't into the club scene, but like to drink and want to party. It's easy to strike up a conversation."

■ **Zeke's Roadhouse**  
625 Lincoln Road; 305-672-3118  
You'll find Zeke's Roadhouse, a humble but lively beer garden where every one of the 200-plus brews costs a mere four bucks, smack-dab in the middle of this glitzy town full of pretentious nightclubs and overpriced drinks. The menu is limited to popcorn and hot dogs, but no one goes for the cuisine. (For decent pizza, try nearby Pizza Rustica at 667 Lincoln Road.) Zeke's main charm? Its strategic location offers some of the best people watching in Miami. As a vantage point for spotting

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) LONELY PLANET IMAGES/ALAMY, (5TH STREET GYM) ALEXANDRIA HOCKEBOURN



South American girls basking in the Sunshine State, it's second to none.

■ **Wet Willie's**  
**WetWillies.com; 760 Ocean Drive;**  
**305-532-5650**

If beach babes slurping frozen absinthe is your thing (and why wouldn't it be?), head over here. Willie's signature cocktail is the aptly named Call-a-Cab, a grain-alcohol-fueled concoction that induces a lot more than brain freeze. The girls' bikinis are as colorful as the drinks (see menu above); both will cause your eyes to pop out of your head.

**THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED**

■ **The South Beach Local**

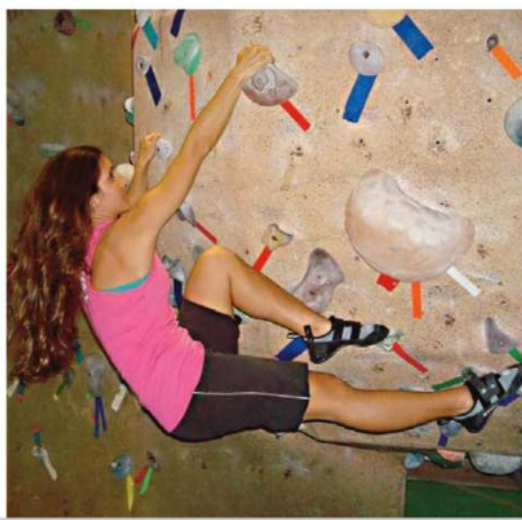
At a quarter per trip, South Beach's municipal bus is an inexpensive mobile meat market. Buses run every 12 to 20 minutes, stopping all around SoBe. "[It's] a great place to strike up a conversation," says Meltzer. "I see groups of tourist chicks on there all the time, and usually they're just as lost as anyone else. If you see a group of cute girls on the bus next to you, talking them up isn't too hard." Things can also get a little strange. Meltzer reports once seeing a passenger "paying some chick to feed him bananas while he stroked her inner thigh. Disturbing? Fuck, yes. But certainly not boring."

■ **World Erotic Art Museum**  
**WEAM.com; 1205 Washington**  
**Avenue; 305-532-9336/**  
**866-969-WEAM**

South Beach isn't all about bars and beaches, but even its higher culture revolves around lust. Take, for example, the World Erotic Art Museum, home to America's largest collection of erotic art. After seeing all the rock-hard (or, more likely, carved-out-of-rock) phalluses on display, female patrons definitely will be thinking about sex. Bonus for Roman orgy fans: An exhibition of ancient Pompeian erotica is on display through January 15.

■ **X-treme Rock Climbing**  
**X-tremeRock.com; 13972 SW**  
**139 Court; 305-233-6623**

Want to see where some of the more adventurous beach bunnies get their bodies bikini-ready? Check out this 14,000-square-foot indoor rock-climber's paradise about 30 miles southwest of South Beach, near Zoo Miami. There are walls for both beginners and experts, and equipment is available for rental. A one-day pass is only \$15. Women enjoy discounts on Wednesdays, ladies' night, meaning there's the likelihood of a greater number of women in need of strong arms to



**NEW YEAR'S CHEER**

**In town early enough to ring in the new year? We've got you covered.**

**Bayfront Park's New Year's Eve Party**  
**301 North Biscayne Boulevard;**  
**305-358-7550**

Miami's nightclubs are always pricey, especially on New Year's Eve. Instead of blowing all your money on a single night, check out the free extravaganza in Bayfront Park, in the heart of downtown Miami overlooking Biscayne Bay. There's music, dancing, dazzling fireworks, and Miami's own Big Orange rising to the top of the Hotel Intercontinental to usher in the new annum at the stroke of midnight.

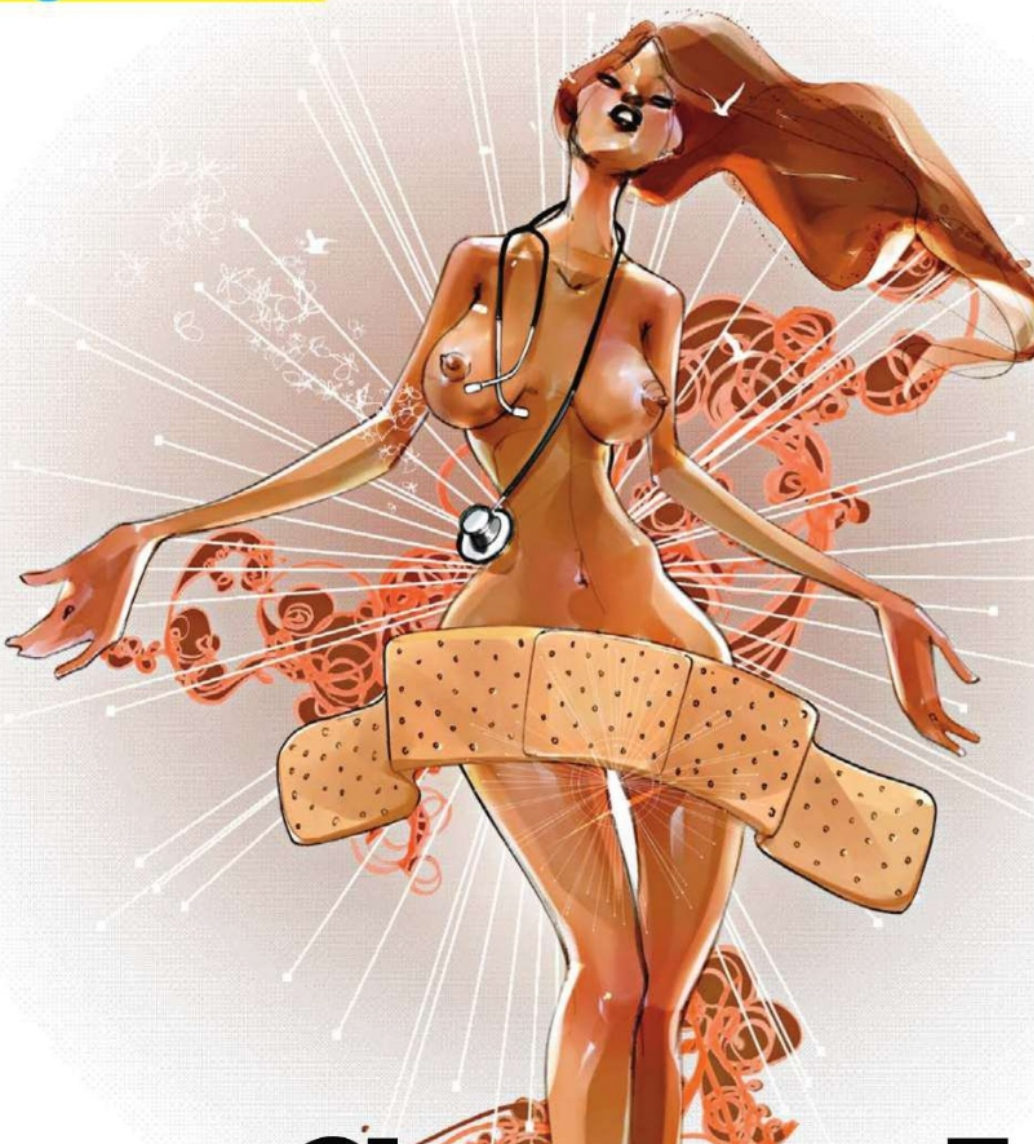
catch them when they take a tumble off the wall.

■ **5th Street Gym**  
**5thStGym.com; 555 Washington**  
**Avenue; 305-763-8110**

Your hotel fitness center is a good place to check out hotties, but Miami's 5th Street Gym is one of boxing's holiest shrines—a mecca of manliness, if you will. Countless champions trained here over the years, including the greatest of them all, Muhammad Ali, back when he was known as Cassius Clay. The original owners recently reopened the gym after 17 years; it offers classes in various contact sports, such as cardio kickboxing, Brazilian jujitsu, mixed martial arts, and of course the sweet science itself. The boxing memorabilia alone is worth a trip. Day passes are available for \$25.

■ **Publix Supermarket**  
**Publix.com; 1100 6th Street;**  
**305-535-2212**

This Fortune 500 grocery chain has several stores in South Beach, including a new one in Fifth and Alton, the huge retail center just off the MacArthur Causeway. Publix has everything from spicy chicken wings to a nice selection of wines. Even better, this particular branch draws in plenty of sunburned babes stocking up on supplies for their hotel rooms. 



# Sexual Healing


Trying to bounce back from a breakup? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to get the rebound.

Illustration by Celia Calle

*My girl and I were going to spend New Year's together in Playa del Carmen, but she surprised me by breaking up with me. She gave back the money I spent on my flight, but I can't think of a single place I could go that would take my mind off the possibility that she's in Mexico getting nailed by the cabana boy. To be honest, I don't really want to go anywhere or do anything anyway. This is the girl I thought I was going to marry. And to make matters worse, all my friends are going to be with their own girls, so I'm flying solo. How do I avoid ringing in the new year with a shotgun blast?*

**W**hen I hear a question like yours, I think, *Which country has the strongest booze?* Then I think, *Caipirinhas*. Then I think, *Rio de Janeiro*, where Christ the Redeemer awaits a wretch like you with open arms and—more to the point—so do countless mocha-skinned porn stars. Look at an online map of Rio and you'll see that it's a wondrous collection of peaks and valleys. And yes, I'm talking about tits and ass (I should have added, put the map on street view). Rio might as well be called "the city of perfect tens." You should have no trouble finding *termas*—saunas that are equipped with a full bar and an assortment of, well, let's call them physical therapists. If *that* doesn't take your mind off your new ex, you might as well walk into the *favelas* and ask a drug kingpin to shoot you in the face, because you truly are hopeless.

Of course, getting tongue-bathed in bathhouses can put a nice dent in your wallet, even with the favorable exchange rate. If you're on a budget, just park your butt on Ipanema Beach. You'll have to bury yourself in the sand to hide the chub you'll get from watching all the topless titillaters, but at the end of the day, your spunk bank will be full for a lifetime.

Whatever you do, end the year as the Brazilians do: sleeping on the beach. Some *Cariocas* guard against the elements by putting up a tent, and with memories of the *termas* and the samba clubs floating around your brain as you drift off to sleep, you'll be pitching a tent of your own. 



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## African Gem Cutter Makes \$2,689,000 Mistake...Will You?

This story breaks my heart every time. Allegedly, just two years after the discovery of tanzanite in 1967, a Maasai tribesman knocked on the door of a gem cutter's office in Nairobi. The Maasai had brought along an enormous chunk of tanzanite and he was looking to sell. His asking price? Fifty dollars. But the gem cutter was suspicious and assumed that a stone so large could only be glass. The cutter told the tribesman, no thanks, and sent him on his way. Huge mistake. It turns out that the gem was genuine and would have easily dwarfed the world's largest cut tanzanite at the time. Based on common pricing, that "chunk" could have been worth close to \$3,000,000!

The tanzanite gem cutter missed his chance to hit the jeweler's jackpot...and make history. Would you have made the same mistake then? Will you make it today?

**In the decades since its discovery, tanzanite has become one of the world's most coveted gemstones.** Found in only one remote place on Earth (in Tanzania's Merelani Hills, in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro), the precious purple stone is 1,000 times rarer than diamonds. Luxury retailers have been quick to sound the alarm, warning that supplies of tanzanite will not last forever. And in this case, they're right. Once the last purple gem is pulled from the Earth, that's it. No more tanzanite. Most believe that we only have a few years supply left, which is why it's so amazing for us to offer this incredible price break. Some retailers along Fifth Avenue are more than happy to charge you outrageous prices for this rarity. Not Stauer. Staying true to our contrarian nature, we've decided to **lower the price of one of the world's rarest and most popular gemstones.**

Our 2-Carat **Sunburst Tanzanite Ring** features marquise-cut gems set dramatically in gorgeous sterling silver. Each facet sparkles with the distinct violet-blue hue of the precious stones. Behind the shine you'll find that the exquisite silverwork of the setting calls to mind the detailed treasures being produced by Europe's finest jewelers. This is a ring designed to impress and it does not disappoint.

Now is the point where opportunity knocks. If you open that door today, you can own this spectacular ring for less than \$100. If you wait? We can't say for sure.

**Your satisfaction is completely guaranteed.** For our client-friendly approach, Stauer has earned a rare **A+ rating from the Better Business Bureau**, a rating we wish to keep. So, of course, your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. If you are not completely aglow with the **Sunburst Tanzanite Ring**, send it back within 30 days for a prompt and courteous refund. But, please don't wait, our supply is dropping rapidly.

### JEWELRY SPECS:

– 2 ctw genuine tanzanite – .925 sterling silver setting – Ring sizes 5–10

**Sunburst Genuine Tanzanite Ring (2 ctw)—~~\$795~~**

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# CHEERS!

Everything about the holidays should be stress-free, and that includes last-minute shopping. Here's a tip: You'll find loads of liquid gifts at your neighborhood spirits shop. And some may already be gift-boxed.

By Deirdre Goldbeck

## ■ BARRELS OF RUM

With Master Blender Lorena Vasquez overseeing the production process from beginning to end, **Zacapa XO** (\$99), a premium sipping rum from Guatemala, is perfect for the VIP on your list. Distillation begins with virgin sugar-cane "honey," then continues with a complex method of blending of rums aged 6 to 25 years, and resting in different types of barrels at an altitude of nearly 8,000 feet. The result is a striking decanter filled with an

exquisite-tasting spirit known as the "cognac of rums." The only problem is that once you taste it you'll want to keep it for yourself. Don't say we didn't warn you.

The Cognac Ferrand estate is known for its exotic vintage rums from the Caribbean and Central and South America, with each rum crafted according to its country's traditional method. One of the newest additions is the **Plantation Grande Reserve 5 Year** (\$20) from Barbados, a blend of

the best rums the island has to offer, which are aged and rested to perfection. It's great for cocktails or sipping, but even better is that it tastes way more expensive than it really is.

## ■ CLEAR AND SASSY

**Effen** (\$40), based on a 125-year-old Dutch recipe and named with the Dutch word for "smooth," makes quite a splash with its sleek bottle. The revolutionary rubber sleeve helps you get a grip and keeps the bottle chilled. Better still, you can tell that hottie you're cultivating that it was the official vodka sponsor of Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week in NYC—but don't let that influence you. It's really *effen* good, and also comes in black cherry and raspberry flavors.

**Medea** (\$40) gives new meaning to the term "message in a bottle" with its customizable label. Sure, the vodka is made with the best whole-grain wheat and natural artesian water, but the programmable ticker is the real hook. You can enter up to 255 letters per message and up to six different messages at a time. Let's face it—who doesn't want to see his name in lights?

If you think chocolate is the way to get on a lady's good side, you're on the right track. But instead of the usual box of bonbons, show her you're a forward-thinking kind of guy by giving her a bottle of **Adult Chocolate Milk**. This 40-proof beverage already has the vodka mixed in, so all you have to do is chill, then pour. She'll love it. And what's better than a glass of milk before bed? (\$20, one-liter; \$18, 750-mL)

## ■ NIGHTCAPS

What's not to love about this dark, amber-colored single malt from the Orkney Islands? Anyone who knows scotch will think highly of you if you present her with a bottle of **Highland Park 25 Year** (\$275). This smoky, spicy spirit is smooth, liquid heat and a good accompaniment for dessert, so it's perfect for a scotch lover with a sweet tooth.

**Hibiki 12 Year** (\$55), the newest addition to the Suntory family, is a blend of more than 30 handcrafted, aged whiskies. The result is a subtly sweet, clean taste any whisky fan will enjoy. The stunning faceted decanter has 24 sides, said to represent both the hours in a day and the ancient

Japanese calendar. One of the many meanings of the Japanese word *hibiki* is harmony, making it the perfect gift for that sibling who always manages to push your buttons.

It doesn't have to be Derby Day for someone to appreciate a bottle of **Basil Hayden's** Kentucky bourbon (\$37). The family recipe, which dates back to 1796, uses twice as much rye as other bourbons, and has been aged eight years in freshly charred white oak barrels. Tell your bud it's okay to drink it straight-up. He won't miss the mint and sugar.

### ■ VIVA TEQUILA

Casa **Herradura's** motto is "Never Compromise." You shouldn't either when it comes to taste. Handcrafted using only traditional techniques passed down for 140 years, each variant is made from hand-harvested blue agave, and is 100 percent estate bottled. The packaging may have been updated, but the quality and integrity remain constant. Whether you choose the Silver (\$40), the Reposado (\$50), or the Añejo (\$60), this tequila is sure to please any palate.

The makers of **Maestro Dobel Diamond** tequila (\$50) have made it perfectly clear, and you can't argue with that. This triple threat is a blend of tequilas that has been aged in new oak casks: a 15-month Reposado, a 24-month Añejo, and a 36-month extra-Añejo. Then it's filtered to crystal clarity for an amazingly fresh, full-bodied taste. Each bottle is individually numbered, then filled and labeled by hand. It's purely simple and diamond-clear.



### ■ FRENCH TOAST

If you're considering cognac as a gift, you won't miss the mark with the colorfully elegant **Hennessy Privilege V.S.O.P.** gift set (\$50). It includes a 750-mL bottle of Privilege Very Superior Old Pale—a blend of 60 eaux-de-vie aged up to 15 years—and two Hennessy sipping glasses. It's beautifully boxed with a convenient carry handle, so it's ready to go when you are. This was originally crafted for royalty, so it's probably good enough for your friend.

### ■ G&T

**Oxley** (\$50) is a small-batch, bright-tasting English gin that's produced using a unique process of cold distillation, along with high-quality botanicals and hand-peeled citrus. Only 240 bottles are produced each day and they're all individually numbered. The attention to detail even extends to the cork, which is made from French oak. Any discerning gin drinker would consider this a rare gift.

### ■ WINE AND DINE

If you've been invited to dinner, you shouldn't show up empty-handed. Present your host with a **JAQK Cellars California Collection** four-bottle gift set (\$104) of 22 Black Cabernet Sauvignon, Bone Dance Merlot, Her Majesty Chardonnay, and Charmed Sauvignon Blanc to display not only your good manners, but your good taste. There's also a two-bottle version (\$60) with the 22 Black and Her Majesty. Both gift sets are gift-boxed with a premier edition of JAQK playing cards and can be ordered at [JAQKCellar.com](http://JAQKCellar.com). 



# “Nice Work If You Can Get It”

*Photographs by Bob Guccione*

*With his love of beautiful women combined with artistic genius, Bob Guccione created what Rolling Stone called “the greatest adult magazine in history.” We mark his passing and honor his memory with this special collection of photos.*

Like most big ideas, *Penthouse* had small beginnings in the mind of one extraordinarily complicated man—a 34-year-old Brooklyn-born artist and cartoonist named Robert Charles Joseph Edward Sabatini Guccione. Although *Vanity Fair* called *Penthouse* “among the greatest success stories in the history of magazines,” it was far from a sure thing. As an article in *Fortune* magazine noted in 1975, “Financing the magazine’s debut [in London in 1965] was a nerve-racking business, for Guccione was unable to raise any capital, apart

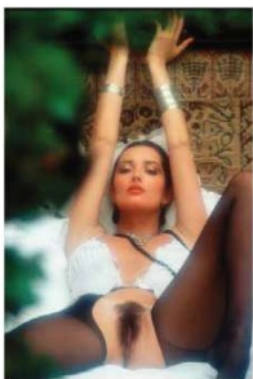
from a few thousand dollars contributed by his devoted father [...]

“An action was started against him under Section 11 of the Post Office Act for sending indecent matter through the post. He contrived, however, to avoid the summonses until the mailing was completed. He simply remained holed up in his house for a fortnight while two police officers awaited him on the street. All the while he received the proofs of his magazine through the letter box and consulted with his tiny staff over the phone. Then he emerged, stood trial, and was fined. The publicity was a great boon, and the first issue of the magazine, which had a press run of 120,000 copies, sold out within a few days of its appearance.”

Four years later, in September 1969, with a cover price of 75 cents and a print run of 225,000, financed entirely by high debt and higher hopes, the first U.S. issue of *Penthouse* sold out in a matter of



Bob with Pet of the Year  
Cheryl Rixon  
November 1979



"I've always been an artist," Bob Guccione said. "It's the thing that I do best and the thing that's fundamental to every other form of expression for me." *Penthouse's* first art director, Joe Brooks, agreed: "Bob used light like a master painter, but he has an incredibly dirty mind. It's a beautiful combination."

days. But it wasn't just a public-relations stunt that created a magazine that became a global brand name recognized in every country in the world. In many ways, *Penthouse* not only reflected its times perfectly but anticipated them as well. Because of the magazine's reach, longevity, and uncompromising attitudes, it can be said that *Penthouse* has to this day influenced Americans' sexual tastes.

When it came to the selection of models, Guccione—who, as *Rolling Stone* described him, "carrie[d] himself with an imperial swagger, shoulders back, head high: a Roman ruler sauntering to the lip of a balcony to survey his subjects"—had a more cosmopolitan taste than *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner, preferring natural over surgically enhanced sex appeal, giving *Penthouse* an artistic edge and pictorial versatility. Joe Brooks, Guccione's first art director, told *Rolling Stone* that "Bob used light like a master painter, but he has an incredibly dirty mind. It's a beautiful combination."

At the end of his career, Guccione elaborated on this: "We followed the true philosophy of voyeurism. To invade privacy. To see [a woman] as if she doesn't know she's being seen. That was the sexy part. That was the part that none of our competition understood."

In the early seventies, Guccione pioneered full-frontal nudity, although the spirit of the laid-back, pot-smoking high times was reflected in the sensual, soft-lens look of his famous photographs of casually clad models languidly looking away from the camera. The early eighties brought bolder, sharper focus to the pictorials, and as American women continued to shed their inhibitions (and their pubic hair) and claim their right to sexual satisfaction, *Penthouse* was the first erotic magazine to expose the clitoris.

The models no longer looked lost in reverie or naively unaware of the camera's presence—they flaunted their sexuality with unprecedented exhibitionism, actively engaging the consumer in the erotic-fantasy encounter. And Guccione gloried in his readers' obsession with his photos. For many years, he'd unveil each new Pet of the Year with a photo of the girl sitting on his lap. "Nice work if you can get it!" he'd gloat, quoting the old Gershwin song. And millions of readers loved it.

Guccione capitalized on the magazine's success and notoriety by going into the movie business. In 1979, *Caligula*—to this day, the world's most extravagant X-rated film—opened in New York. Starring Helen Mirren, Malcolm McDowell, John Gielgud, and Peter O'Toole, the film was based on a Gore Vidal screenplay, took almost two years to shoot, and cost upward of \$17 million. In true Guccione fashion, the film engendered litigation with almost everyone connected to it—especially the director, Tinto Brass, who resented, among other things, that Guccione inserted a long lesbian scene into his film. Despite almost universal critical condemnation, the movie, opening with a record-high \$7.50 ticket price, had lines around the block and continued to sell well over the next 30 years—in VHS, DVD, and Blu-ray incarnations.

Guccione's boldness often paid off with headline-making publishing coups. The September

1984 anniversary issue with nude photos of Vanessa Williams, the first black Miss America, sold out a print run of 5,643,370 almost immediately. In 1992, an eager American audience snapped up millions of copies of an issue featuring a nude photo layout of Gennifer Flowers, Bill Clinton's onetime mistress. Other best-selling issues included nudes of a young Madonna, taken years before her fame; the "honeymoon" photos of controversial figure skater Tonya Harding; the seminude photos of presidential-accuser Paula Jones; and many, many others.

Guccione was determined, however, for *Penthouse* to make its mark with much more than erotic photography. For him, the magazine's journalistic mission was to bring out the truth and shake up the establishment. From its earliest days, *Penthouse* covered stories the mainstream media avoided, and commissioned investigative articles on the U.S. government, the Mafia, the pharmaceutical industry, and the cancer-research establishment.

For two years in a row, *Penthouse* won the top article award from the most prestigious writers' group in America, the American Society of Journalists and Authors. In 1997, *Penthouse* was cited for publishing the best investigative article of the year, an exposé of the government's cover-up of what really happened to soldiers in the Gulf War. In the previous year, the magazine won two reporting awards from the ASJA—for best investigative reporting and for best medical writing—for exposing how HMOs mistreat patients and doctors alike.

Guccione's proudest journalistic achievement was his constant editorial support of America's fighting men and women, which he started in 1974 with a monthly series of articles examining the nation's betrayal of Vietnam veterans. Guccione didn't care if the war was unpopular or even justified—the fact that thousands of GIs were losing their lives and many more were physically and psychologically impacted and then abandoned by the very government that had sent them to war enraged him. The articles in *Penthouse*, along with lobbying by an office he set up in Washington, D.C., to fight for veterans' rights, helped to begin turning the country around. People who had shunned and castigated returning warriors as "baby killers" realized that they were scapegoating men who were really American heroes.

These articles—for and by Vietnam veterans—prompted Brandeis University to name Guccione Publisher of the Year in 1975, saying he was a "new force in the world of publishing.... He has increasingly focused his editorial attention on such critical issues as the welfare of veterans and problems of criminality in modern society."

For most of his career, Guccione's instinct in promoting *Penthouse* was uncanny. In the nineties, when the Unabomber (later to be revealed as Ted Kaczynski) offered to stop his killing spree if someone would publish his manifesto, Guccione immediately made the offer. Although Kaczynski turned him down, *Penthouse* and Guccione were featured in dozens of international news reports, and Guccione published Kaczynski's rejection letter in the magazine along with his response: "I cannot accept your characterization that *Penthouse* is



strictly an entertainment magazine.... Over the years, *Penthouse* ... has attacked and exposed elements of every well-entrenched power base in the country, from government and religion to big business and organized crime.... I've been bugged, sued, pursued, and shot at, but I haven't killed anybody ... yet!"

But of course the magazine's incredible success has primarily been built on its sexy, beautiful, art-inspired photography, which transformed the world of erotica. As *Rolling Stone* put it, "Guccione's *Penthouse* made sex look like something that happens between real adults (who weren't your parents).... It was the adult magazine that wormed its way into the kinkier recesses of the libidinal subconscious and, arguably, did more to liberate puritan America from its deepest sexual taboos than any magazine before or since."

Some people were surprised when they learned that, as a teenager, the future liberator of puritan America had joined a seminary to study for the priesthood. But Guccione himself acknowledged that his fascination with sexuality was tinged with the idea that it was somehow sinful. A friend from Guccione's childhood days recalls Bob's mother hiding succulent Italian chocolates beneath the flowing gown of a living-room statue of the Madonna. "When Bob got a good report from school," the friend said, "he was allowed to pluck a candy from beneath her robe." Years later, after plucking millions of dollars from readers' obsession with sex, Guccione acknowledged how vital it was that men retain a sense of shame about their prurient interests. "We've published lots of articles about how 'natural' sex is," he said. "But God forbid everyone actually believe that. We'd be out of business in a heartbeat!"

When, in the eighties, right-wing Moral Majority types mounted a crusade against men's magazines,



**Above: Kathy Keeton with Bob; the first U.S. issue of *Penthouse*. Even before she became his wife, Kathy was the person Bob trusted most, personally and professionally. "Both had come from nothing," wrote Patricia Bosworth in *Vanity Fair*. "They both dreamed of being powerful and living forever."**

Guccione wasn't surprised. "Every season is open season on sex," he said. "There's an old political adage: When in doubt, attack sex. It always works."

When adult toys entered mainstream culture in the nineties, *Penthouse* was one of the first magazines to utilize them in pictorials, portraying women as active pursuers of autoerotic pleasures. As the internet opened a Pandora's box of paraphiliac photography, *Penthouse* images likewise became edgier, kinkier, and more revealing than ever. Responding to readers' requests and fueling their fetish fantasies, Guccione introduced imagery of erect penises, orgies, and bondage and sado-masochism in the late nineties. By the beginning of the new millennium, no fetish was left unexplored on the internet—or in the pages of *Penthouse*. In the end, it was too much.

"The internet drove Bob to expose it all, but consumers grew satiated with the perverse, discovering that seeing less leaves more for the erotic mind," says Dr. Victoria Zdrok, *Penthouse*'s sex columnist and 2004 Pet of the Year. Internet saturation with explicit imagery and the growing popularity of such laddie magazines as *Maxim* and *FHM*, featuring scantily clad babes, led *Penthouse* once again to morph its portrayal of the female form, abandoning the grainy fetish.

Ironically, despite earning hundreds of millions of dollars and being listed in *Forbes* magazine as one of the world's richest men, Guccione was a poor businessman. With the possible exception of his third wife, Kathy Keeton, he trusted no one's advice. "When someone tells me I'm wrong," he'd say, "I know I'm right." He remembered that some people said that *Penthouse* would never work. He forgot the dozens of other ventures that he was warned against and that ended up as disasters. Still, as a former business adviser told *Rolling Stone*, "He simply believes what people tell him. You say, 'Bob, I can get green cheese from the moon, and I think it would sell here.' He'll say, 'You think so? I can do a marketing plan!'" This led to his involvement with dozens of misguided ventures, among which were schemes to invent fusion energy, selling Muhammad Ali-brand powdered milk in Africa, various nutritional supplements and cures for cancer, and—most disastrous—spending some \$150 million trying to build a hotel/casino in Atlantic City. Late in life, as Guccione's empire crumbled around him, he admitted to *New York* magazine, "I've never held on to my money. I gave it away."

Finally, Guccione's stubbornness and disastrous business sense cost him dearly: He lost everything he owned and had to surrender his beloved magazine. Marc Bell, one of the magazine's current owners, salutes the founder and remains determined to build and enhance his creation. "Ask any man over 18 what *Penthouse* is," Bell says, "and he will tell you what it means.... Bob Guccione built a tremendous brand that's known around the world. He was a creative genius."

The following 16 pages offer a look back at just some of the pictorials Bob shot for *Penthouse* over the years. We'll be sharing more of Bob's photographic work in upcoming issues, but for now, join us in a toast to our esteemed founder. *Salut!*



Janet Dunphy  
October 1972



Lane Jackson Coyle  
August 1973



Cheryl Rixon  
November 1979



Susan Ryder  
March 1975

Corinne Alphen  
November 1982



Patricia Barrett  
October 1973



Debora Zullo  
December 1979



Corinne Alphen  
August 1981





Corinne Alphen  
August 1981



Isabella Ardigo  
November 1980



Isabella Ardigo  
November 1980



Lane Jackson Coyle  
August 1973



Divina  
February 1982



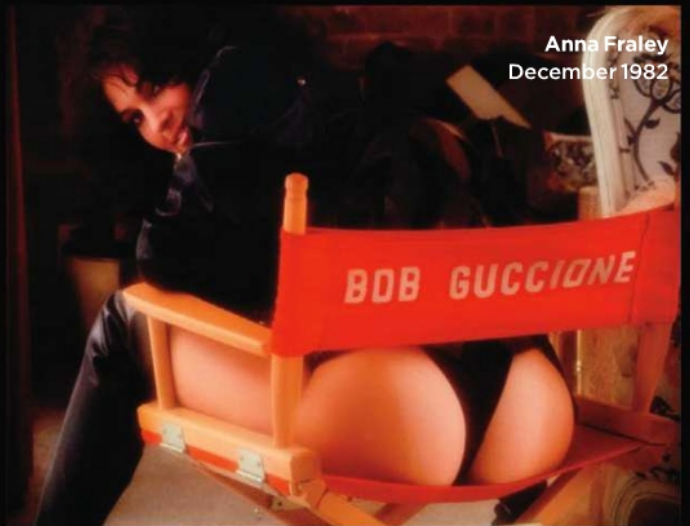
Lari Jones  
July 1982



Danielle Deneuve  
November 1981



Danielle Deneux  
November 1981



Anna Fraley  
December 1982



Lee Ann Lee  
September 1982



Corinne Alphen  
November 1982



## CALIGULA, 1979

Dissatisfied with director Tinto Brass's version of the film, Guccione and cinematographer Giancarlo Liu snuck onto the *Caligula* set. "We filmed the famous lesbian scene between Anneka Di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner for two nights running," Guccione later recalled. "The girls were marvelous. They contributed something beautiful and lasting to the history of motion pictures." Playing the emperor's sensuous courtiers Agrippina and Messalina (the most promiscuous woman in ancient Rome), Di Lorenzo and Wagner improvised the scene. "It was spontaneous and real," Wagner has said. "We decided we'd prefer to do something with each other, knowing that we could trust each other, and that we would be beautiful together."



Cody Carmack  
January 1986





Linda Kenton  
May 1983



Carmen Pope  
January 1983



Cody Carmack  
January 1984



Sheila Kennedy  
December 1983



**Mindy Farrar**  
January 1987



**Cody Carmack**  
July 1986



**Sheila Kennedy**  
October 1987



**Sasha Vinni**  
January 1994



**Mindy Farrar**  
January 1987



**Sheila Kennedy**  
October 1987



**Patty Mullen**  
January 1988



**Julie Strain**  
January 1993



## In Memoriam



Sasha Vinni  
January 1994



Simone Brigitte  
January 1991



Gina LaMarca  
January 1995

Ginger Miller  
January 1989





Gina LaMarca  
January 1995



Sheila Kennedy  
December 1983



Stephanie Page  
January 1990

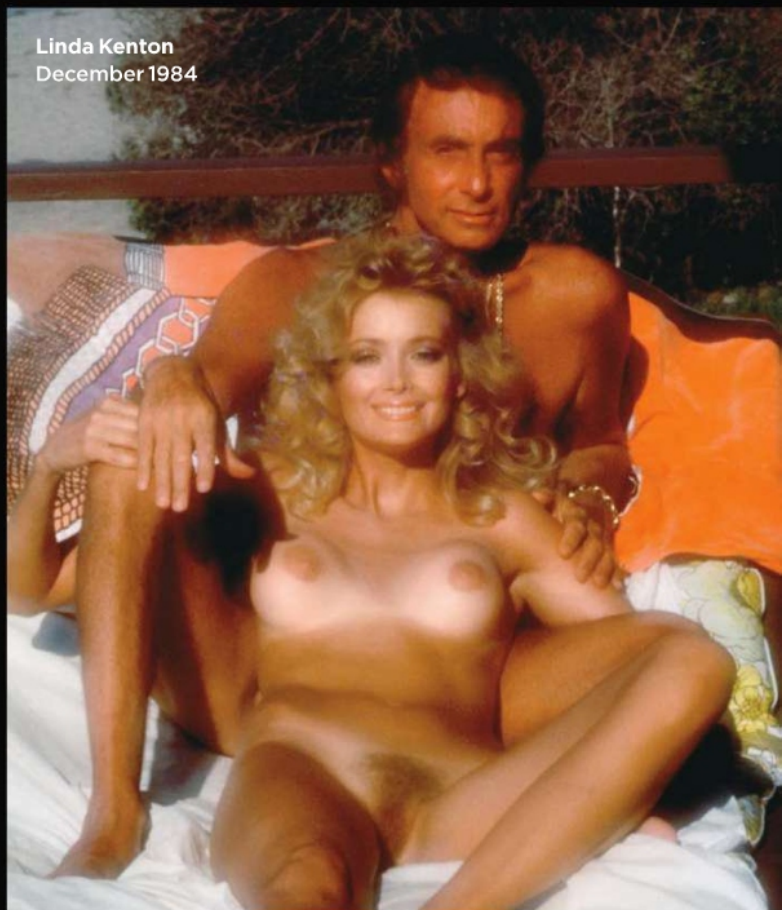
Patty Mullen  
January 1988



Julie Strain  
January 1993



Linda Kenton  
December 1984



Simone Brigitte  
January 1991



*For six years, everyone called him "Boy Gary." But as he neared 30, Howard Stern's executive producer wondered when they'd finally let him grow up. Then came a day in July 1990 that will live in infamy. It wasn't the dumbest thing he'd ever said on the show. Or the most embarrassing. But history was about to be made.*

*By Gary Dell'Abate*

# They Call Baba

For my first six years on the show, my nickname was "Boy Gary." It wasn't even original. The guy I replaced had been "Boy Lee." Before that, Howard had called his college roommate "Boy." I was just another in a long line of boys. In 1989, the Rolling Stones held a press conference at Grand Central Terminal to announce their *Steel Wheels* tour. This was the early days of cable. Every network—from MTV to CNN—covered it live. With cameras rolling, I asked the first question. "Mick," I said, "Boy Gary from *The Howard Stern Show*."

# Me Booey





I was getting too old to be called “boy”: I was pushing 30.

I was more than a decade older than our interns. I looked forward to shedding the tag. But I had no idea what would replace it—until July 26, 1990.

The day began like any other—with me saying something that became fodder for the show. In the late eighties and early nineties, collecting animation art became popular. These were iconic cartoon cels—Bugs Bunny eating a carrot or Yosemite Sam sitting on a keg of dynamite—drawn by the original cartoonist, signed and then framed. They weren’t mass-produced.

Each picture was numbered, making them limited-edition, high-end pieces of art. Galleries began selling them for a few hundred bucks. A Mickey Mouse at the time sold for more than \$400,000. I thought they would be a good investment. “They will never go down in value,” I would say to Howard.

And he would make fun of me. I babbled about getting a Friz Freleng or a Chuck Jones, two of the big Warner Bros. artists back in the day. The truth was, I talked about the cels more than I collected them. After months of research and browsing, I owned exactly one, a picture of Bugs Bunny and Yosemite Sam.

But I had made a decision: I was going to buy a new one.

And that morning, July 26, 1990, I mentioned my intention to Jackie Martling before the show. It was a big deal for me—I was leaving the Warner Bros. family to purchase something from the Hanna-Barbera collection. I told Jackie the characters I wanted to buy and he shrugged, like he wasn’t that interested. I was wrong. He was very interested.

A couple of minutes later, after we were on the air, Howard called me in. “Gary’s into this weird thing; he collects cartoon art.”

“Animated cels. Get it right,” I said.

“My next purchase will be a da Vinci or a Marmaduke,” Howard said, imitating me in a dopey voice.

“I am strictly a Warner Bros. collector,” I said. “But I am thinking about dabbling in the Hanna-Barbera stuff. I am thinking about getting a Quick Draw McGraw or a Baba Booeey.”

“Good, good,” Howard said. “How do you make the final determination? How much does a Baba Looey go for?”

“Quick Draw and Baba Booeey are about \$325.”

“What do you call him?” Howard asked.

“Baba Booeey,” I answered, emphasizing the word *Booeey* by raising my voice an octave.

“It’s Baba Looey! You’re going to hang a picture of a guy and you don’t know his name. Baba Booeey? Baba Booeey!”

A resigned, disgusted silence descended, then Howard continued.

“Baba Booeey,” I didn’t know what he was saying. “Baba Booeey.”

I was bored with the conversation. I figured they were done with me and they’d move on in a few minutes. This is what happened every day. I stood up and left the studio.

“He just walked out,” Howard said. “He thinks we’ve exhausted this, but we haven’t exhausted this.” A pause. Then he yelled, “It’s just the tip of the iceberg! Baba Booeey!”

Then we went to a commercial and I said, “Okay, guys, joke’s over.”

I sat down at my desk and thought, *All right, it’s 8:30. They’ll be onto something else in an hour.*

But an hour passed, and they were still laughing at me. I’d hear *Baba Booeey, Baba Booeey*, followed by cackles. They sounded like monkeys who had been smoking dope all morning. The next morning it lingered, and I realized it had a little bit of a shelf life. Maybe it would last a week or two. It just wasn’t a nickname that

was going to stick—it was like an Abba song that reached No. 1. It had two weeks, three, tops. It’s not that I hated the name. It was funny to say, but I just thought it was so silly. I didn’t believe it would stand the test of time.

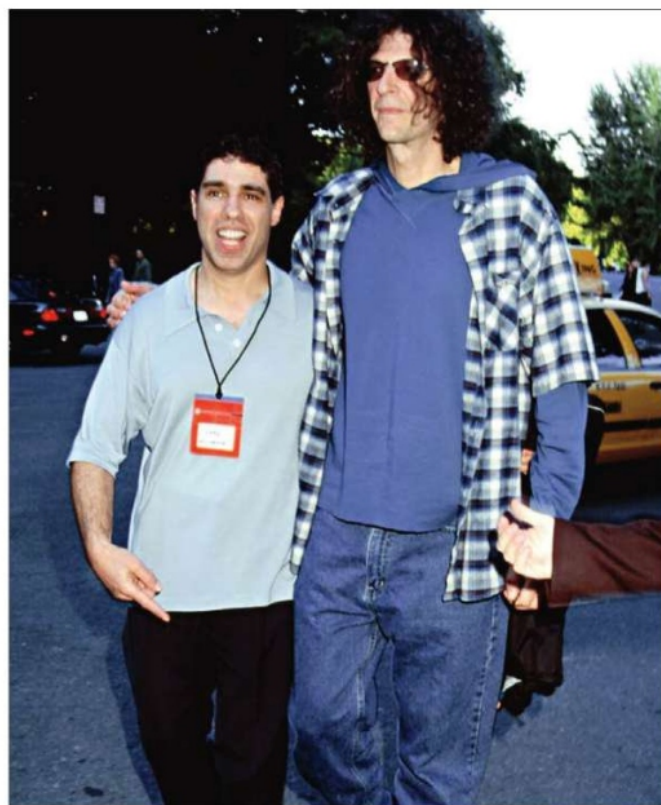
One day I came into work with a tape of Quick Draw McGraw saying the phrase “Baba Boy.” If you listened closely it sounded like he was saying “Baba Booeey.” I even tried to bring it up, but Howard shot me down. “It’s perfect,” he said. “Why do you want to ruin it?”

Every day, Baba Booeey grew, leaving Boy Gary behind. Captain Janks, a fan from Philly who used to call talk shows like *Donahue* and scream, “Howard Stern rules!” started using Baba Booeey instead. He realized that if he said it on the air, hosts weren’t as quick to cut him off. They had no idea what he was saying. Larry King was his favorite target. Poor Larry. The worst thing he ever did was get an 800 number, because it meant Janks could call him nonstop without getting charged. Once, Janks got through the screeners and yelled, “Baba Booeey, Baba Booeey!” But Larry didn’t hang up on him. He just stared into the screen, his eyes wide and confused behind those glasses, and said, “I don’t understand.”

Then, in February 1991, Howard released a CD called *Crucified by the FCC*, which was a compilation of all the moments that had gotten him in trouble over the years. It came with a booklet, and on the back cover was a list of the top phrases in the history of *The Howard Stern Show*. “That’s not flab, honey, that’s bulk” was No. 10; “It’s too late, Soupy, I’ve already cut a string on the piano” was No. 5. And No. 1 was “Baba Booeey.”

I thought, *Really?* It wasn’t even the dumbest thing I had ever said on the show. Or the most embarrassing. I had once given such graphic details about my sex life that even my mom called to tell me I had taken it too far. And she beat people with shrubs!

But Baba Booeey wasn’t just about me acting stupid. It was something more visceral. The alliteration made it fun to say. It was a call to action. I used to spend a lot of weekends on the road making personal appearances. I’d hit strip clubs in Buffalo, mattress-store openings in Cleveland, happy hours in Detroit—these were



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS PAGE) MICHAEL WESCHLER/CORBIS OUTLINE. (LEFT) JOSEPH MARZULLO/RETNA LTD., (TOP RIGHT) SCOTT DOCTOR/SPLASH NEWS



## I gave such graphic details about my sex life that even my mom called to tell me I had taken it too far. And she beat people with shrubs!

my specialties. A lot of times I'd bring one of my guys from Long Island with me. My first couple of times through each town I drew a lot of people. It's not as though I had a show. I'd just sign my autograph on my glossy head shots. By the third, fourth, or fifth time that I hit the same spot, the crowds grew smaller. The novelty wore off. It was just me, the guy from *Howard Stern*, signing my name on my face. That changed when I became Baba Booeey.

Soon after the name entered the ether, the lines became longer wherever I went. It was as if Baba Booeey gave people a reason to see me. "Hey," they could tell friends, "let's go see Baba Booeey." Then they'd laugh like they were stoned monkeys. I still signed autographs. But if I wrote, "To Jimmy, All my best, Gary," Jimmy would shove the picture back in my face and say, "No, just sign it 'Baba Booeey.'" Pretty soon, that's all I signed.

It wasn't about me at all anymore. It had morphed into being a code for the show, like a battle cry.

Fans picked up on that idea, and followed in the steps of Captain Janks.

In 1997, a *Sports Illustrated* column mentioned Boston University and that it was Howard's alma mater. The piece ended, "Baba Booeey!" It had nothing to do with me. There were the people who understood what it meant—the loyal listeners to the show, the members of the club—and the rest of the world who didn't.

The night of the O. J. Simpson slow-speed chase, in June 1994, we all learned that ABC News anchor Peter Jennings was a member of the latter group.

It was a Friday night and my wife, Mary, and I were in Boston for a wedding that weekend. The Knicks were playing in Game Six of the NBA Finals. I really wanted to see this game. We were at Legal Sea Foods in Copley Square and I snuck away to the bar to get the score. I saw the white Bronco and said to the bartender, "Can you put on the game?" Earlier in the day there had been reports that O. J. had killed himself. I didn't know what was going on. Then some drunk leaned over and slurred, "O. J.'s in the car with a gun. Half of Los Angeles is chasing him."

I wasn't that interested. I wanted to find the game. So I dragged Mary, who was five months pregnant, all around Boston, looking for a decent bar that showed sports. There wasn't a single one. All of them were tuned to O. J. I couldn't believe the people in Boston hated New York so much they would rather watch a freak show

than the finals of an NBA game. I didn't sense the magnitude of the moment. Big deal. It's not like I didn't have a part in the night's drama. Kind of.

This was before the internet was big, remember. I didn't care about the chase, so Mary and I just went back to our hotel and went to bed. In the morning we drove 25 miles to the wedding in Salem. As soon as I walked through the door, I was barraged. "You were on TV last night!" "I can't believe you were in the middle of the O. J. chase!"

Well, I wasn't. I was asleep, next to my pregnant wife, completely ignoring the chase because I was pissed that no one would show the Knicks game. But when a loyal and genius fan decided to call Peter Jennings, I instantly became a part of the biggest story of the decade. Here's how it went down:

"We have with us now Mr. Robert Higgins, who can see inside O. J.'s car. Mr. Higgins, can you see him doing anything specific?" Jennings asked.

"He is just sitting there looking nervous."

"Can you hear anything?"

"There is too much commotion. But I can still see O. J. and he looks scared."

"Thank you, Mr. Higgins."

"And Baba Booeey to y'all."

Jennings pulled a Larry King—confused silence. He had no idea what had just been said. If not for an explanation from Al Michaels, a fan of the show who happened to call in to Jennings after hearing the magic words, the anchor would have remained in the dark.

"Peter," Michaels began, "just for the record, that was a totally farcical call. He said something in code at the end that is indicative of the name of a certain radio talk-show host. So he was not there."


"Okay, Al," Jennings said. "Thank you very much. Not the first time or the last time we'll have been had."

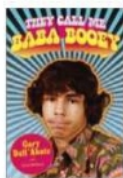
We live by a rule on the show: Don't dissect the comedy. Do that and it's no longer funny. So we have never tried to break down why Baba Booeey sticks with people. But we did analyze that prank call as much as possible. We wanted to make a Broadway musical about it. We even re-created the entire scene and had Al Michaels on to reenact his role. You could tell he had a hard time explaining to Jennings what had happened. He didn't really want to admit he had a foot in our world; it's like being at a party and admitting you know the slob who just walked through the door.

After that, it became so much more than just a catchphrase for fans. Mary and I have had this conversation a lot. It doesn't really mean what it meant anymore. It has morphed into something entirely different. Howard will sometimes say to me, "Can you believe it's lasted this long?" But it's not about me. It's just something said to make other people laugh, whether in sitcoms, songs, or in someone's living room.

Or airports. When my son Jackson was three years old, we visited my brother Anthony, who had moved to Austin. The two of us were sitting at our gate waiting to go home when a man walked by and said, "Hey, Baby Booeey." Jackson couldn't stop laughing. I asked him, "What's so funny?"

He looked at me with a big smile and said, "He thinks you are a Baba Booeey."

Truth is, I am. 



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# GO LONG

The NFL playoffs are almost upon us. Test your knowledge and get some postseason perspective with the *Penthouse* Playoff Quiz.

By John Bolster



# REPO

The economy still isn't great for a lot of people. But if you're in the repossession trade, let the good times roll!

**By Harmon Leon**



# MENT

**A**n ordinary 90-degree Monday in blistering-hot August. Pawnshop after pawnshop—or gamblers' procession museums—line the streets of recession-casualty Reno, Nevada. MONEY TO LOAN. WE ACCEPT FOOD STAMPS. Bankruptcy billboards trumpet, NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY! Outside the Grand Sierra casino a huge video marquee has the blazoned words, ANOTHER LUCKY WINNER CAROL S. \$34,500. The large image of a smiley old woman announces to ordinary people—just like us—that it's possible to *strike it rich!*

"The security guard here hates me," declares Brian Turley, a chubby goateed guy with a cherub face. He laughs as I climb into his massive red tow truck to ride shotgun. "If they see me they'll try to kick me out."

Understandable. It must be bad business to have casino patrons' cars repoed right from the parking lot while they're inside gambling away their monthly loan payments.

The repo business has become a thriving boom industry in this desperate age of recession. "Put it this way—we haven't died down in two years," Brian says as he chugs a Red Bull to start his 3 P.M.-to-midnight shift. "It sucks. It's unfortunate. What can you do? Everyone is having a rough time."

As a repo man, Brian's been legally stealing people's cars for the past four years—landing the job without even knowing how to drive a tow truck. After graduating from college in Reno with dreams of becoming a teacher, Brian's career plans took a curve with the economy.

"It was just a money issue," he says. "I wasn't making enough working a dead-end job in a warehouse. I knew I was going to make more [as a repo man] than as a teacher."

A repo man who works on commission can typically make between \$50 to \$75 per car. Many companies are turning to an hourly pay structure, which is dictated by region, cost of living, and state regulatory issues. Fortuna took a spin after Brian played on the same softball team as Justin Zane, the repo boss of Zane Investigations, Inc. "One night I was drunk and said, 'I want to go on a repo and see what it's all about.' I've been hooked ever since."

As various lock-picking tools of the repo trade—Slim Jims, wedges, etc.—clank on the dashboard, I ask, "So, what hooks you?" "You get to do things people normally don't get to do," Brian

says with a sly smile. "It's not every day you get to drive up to someone's house and say, 'I'm here for your car.'"

Brian's also repoed boats, motorcycles, Jet Skis, motor homes, and even a tanning bed—with a personal record of 12 cars seized in one day. As a sign of the times, the tiny city of Reno boasts a whopping five repo companies, with Zane Investigations running six repo trucks, seizing unpaid vehicles for 30 to 40 banks.

"We handle things differently from other agencies," Brian says. "We won't get into a pissing match. You don't want to add fuel to the fire. People fall into unfortunate circumstances—there's no work here. It doesn't help to call them a loser or a deadbeat. You've just got to know how to talk to people." Looking up an address on a laptop mounted in the front seat, he adds in his laid-back and likable demeanor, "Everyone thinks we're the bad guys. If nobody's repoing cars, your auto loan would be at 40 percent. I'm just a guy doing my job."

**"I**'ve been here many times," says Brian while cruising a low-income Hispanic neighborhood. "I knew this guy was going to live down here. We do a lot of repos in this area. I talked to him last week on the phone and he said, 'Fuck you. I'm not going to pay it and you're not taking my Chevy.' All this for a '96 Chevy Silverado piece of shit."

"So what's the process?" I ask, noting large dogs in backyards, houses with FOR RENT signs, and heads looking out of windows suspiciously.

"Whenever a repo kicks over, that's the last resort," Brian explains. "A customer buys a car. They fall delinquent on their payments. The bank calls for a repo order. We start with their last known address. Chances are they got evicted or did a midnight run. If they have no phone, then we'll go to their place of employment."

"We seize the vehicle from their property," he continues. "If the car's there and I can hook it, we'll take it." He pauses. "They usually come out screaming."

Even though it's a long shot to find a car at someone's home during work hours, we suddenly strike repo gold.

"That's it!" Brian says like a kid at Christmas. The Silverado sits in front of a house with an unruly lawn and an ominous KEEP OUT sign, and it's naively parked in full view. It will soon be taken from its owner. Swiftly, Brian backs up to the maroon Chevy. A mechanized sling is maneuvered under the car and hooked on to the frame. Chubby Brian moves at four times his normal speed, securing the vehicle with ninja proficiency in less time than it takes to load a gun. Then comes the aforementioned screaming: A mustachioed Hispanic man wearing a wifebeater comes storming out of his garage with fire in his eyes, swearing in Spanish.

"That's the guy who told me to go fuck myself a few days ago,"

Brian confirms. A small child appears by the man's side. Once the guy calms down in this no-win battle, Brian says to the English-speaking little boy, "Tell him he has to make his account current, then he'll get it back."

As the Silverado is clamped down and raised, the disgraced man removes the license plates—his souvenir of the fallen American dream. This whole interaction makes me feel like crying.

"Do you think he'll pay it back?" I ask as we pull away with his vehicle, merging into heavy traffic.

"No," blurts Brian. "It's just a gut feeling."

With both curiosity and personal-safety concerns, I ask, "How dangerous does this get?"

"I've had two guns pulled on me and an ax."

"An ax?"

"Yeah. And he was a big guy. I was out in the middle of nowhere on a ranch. The wife didn't tell the husband that she took out a title loan. When we went to hook up the car, he came running out with an ax. He told me I was trespassing. I said, 'I'll leave, but I'm taking the car.' He called the cops. They told him, 'There's nothing we can do.'"



## "I repoed a fleet of cars from a construction company ... with 350 employees. I did feel bad for those guys."

"And people have pulled guns on you?" I ask, thinking that parts of Reno still resemble the Wild West.

"On my first or second night of training, this guy came out with a gun and he was drunk as shit," Brian recalls. "We knocked on his door and nothing happened. We were hooking up the car and this skinny dude came out yelling and screaming, 'You're *not* taking my car!' He was doing this with the gun." He mimes a gun held at my head. "I didn't know whether I wanted to do this after that."

"I know exactly how you feel," I mumble, shifting in my seat uncomfortably. But there's no time to dwell on this.

"Holy shit! That's my Hummer!" Brian screams as an H2 barrels down the road in the opposite direction.

"How can you tell?"

"I've repoed it before!"

After pulling a screeching U-turn at the next intersection, we're in hot pursuit of the Hummer. *Yeehaw!* The crumbling housing market has put some real estate guy's idiotic, oversize status symbol up for repo.

"What's the plan?" I ask, noting the towed Silverado clunking behind us.

"If we get to his house, I'll block him in the driveway," Brian says, intensely focused on the massive Hummer weaving through traffic ahead of us.

But it will have to wait for another day; we get the slip at the next stoplight as the H2 disappears into Reno rush hour.

"He's going home and he's going to lock it in the garage," Brian says, shaking his head, knowing the scenario. "There are three types of people you repo. There's the ones who know it's coming—they'll clean out their car for you. There's the ones who hide their car. And there's the ones who put up a fight. Three out of four people know it's coming. They'll keep it in a garage or at a friend's house."

**E**mpty billboards dot the barren landscape near a development of new houses, most of which are in foreclosure. Turning the radio to a classic-rock station, Brian says, "Once work died down in the construction boom, all these people got stuck. They woke up one morning and there was no work."

I repoed an entire fleet of cars from a construction company when the economy collapsed. They were in business for 35 years with 350 employees. No work. I did feel bad for those guys."

Opening a chain-link fence that surrounds the repo company's office, Brian says, "What sucks is when people try to keep their heads above water and can't." He mentions an old Mexican guy whose car he repoed who worked three different jobs to survive. "'I'm scrubbing toilets. I'm working as a janitor after I work construction,' he told me. 'I either pay for my car or I pay rent. I have \$300 to my name.' Or single moms who aren't getting child support—those really get to you."

Filled with dozens of cars, motorcycles, motor homes, and even a golf cart, the one-and-a-half-acre repo yard is like a graveyard of financial wreckage and despair.

"About four people come back to get them a week," Brian tells me. The bank will hold on to the car for ten days in order to give the customer a chance to get it back. If they can't make the payment, the car will end up at auction. "It's unfortunate to see how busy we're getting," Brian says. "Especially when you've got people trying to find work. And they just can't. When I first started, the economy wasn't real bad like it is now."

We head farther from town, into the belly of rural darkness. "When I first started, I got the jitters," Brian admits. "The first four or five cars, I had to deal with a lot of drunk asses. You can get into a bad situation really fast."

"So how do you handle it?" I ask, noting a cluster of lights breaking the darkness ahead.

"Defuse the situation. Let them go through their yelling stage. Let them cry. It's no different from a kid having a temper tantrum. Once they're through, I explain what they need to do to get their car back."

The suburban dream is about to come crashing down as we turn into a subdivision. "We got a doubleheader: two cars at the same address," Brian explains with a small amount of delight. "We're going after a Trailblazer and a Yukon. The Trailblazer just turned over."

Quiet. Dark. Families huddle comfortably in their homes. Lights flicker from TV sets. American flags hang on porches. The only sound is the low hum of the repo man's tow truck. Slowly we pass a two-story house with a kiddie pool and toys littering the walkway.



"There's the Yukon! And the Trailblazer is right in front!" Nervous adrenaline starts to pump. Brian calls for backup. "Jared will take the Yukon and I'll take the Trailblazer. Both of them are going to go!"

Parking the tow truck a few blocks away, we get out and walk silently but swiftly through the pitch-black neighborhood. We are about to legally steal both these cars, using tactics real car thieves would employ. No wonder people come running out swinging axes.

In the window a shadowed mom-head is illuminated only by the light of a TV. Brian quickly flips on his flashlight to confirm the VINs on each vehicle.

"It's them!" he whispers.

We walk stealthily back to the tow truck and get inside.

"Now we wait."

Knots twist in my stomach. Pounding heart. Sweating palms. A silhouette of a black cat crosses the road. My mind races with all possible outcomes to this situation—most of them extremely bad or just plain horrific. Which creative weapon will now be used to ward off the repo man? "Do you get nervous?" I ask, breaking the heavy silence.

"No, I get antsy. I just want to get this fucking car so I can get another one."

"What's the game plan?"

"Hook 'em up and wait for them to come out," Brian says. "It probably won't go over very well. They probably will be really fucking pissed. We are taking both their cars. I imagine this guy's going to come out of his house and go, 'What the fuck?' But it's the nature of things. You never know people. They could be the nicest people in the world or world-class motherfuckers. We'll find out in five minutes."

As the waiting continues, I ponder whether this is the stupidest thing I've ever done. Then Jared—a heavily tattooed guy whose dog rides shotgun in his tow truck—finally arrives.

"I'll go in first," Brian relays like a general leading his troops into repo battle. "The Trailblazer is in front of the house and the Yukon is in the driveway."

We move out. As if backed by strains of "Ride of the Valkyries," the neighborhood is now filled with the foreign hum of two tow-truck engines. Within seconds we're at work on the Trailblazer and the Yukon. Movable parts clank loudly as the vehicles are lifted off the ground in front of the house—in wide view of the neighborhood. *What exactly are Nevada's gun laws?* I wonder.

First, a shirtless, tattooed neighbor with a hanging belly—like the kind you see on *Cops*—emerges from behind a trailer in the driveway.

"Are you guys repoing those?" he asks, unfazed. Lights are

abruptly flipped on in the quiet suburban home. A frantic, pudgy woman comes running out in tears. She cries into a cellphone, "Honey, they're taking the cars! Both of them!"

Sobbing rings through the silent neighborhood as the economy claims another casualty.

"Our payment's not due until the 26th," she pleads tearfully.

Brian patiently tells her to contact the dealership that provided the loan. "You have ten days to get it back."

Jared and Brian help the woman empty both cars. A child seat. Baby toys. Dolls. All are shoved into garbage bags. Heavy sobs and many tears.

"It's not the end of the world," Jared solemnly assures her, putting another handful of dolls into the garbage bag.

"I'm freaking out!" the woman cries loudly. "It's my only car!" Worse: "I have a son in a wheelchair!"

A Hiroshima bomb of depression races through me. The woman turns to plead her case. I look down, not knowing what to say. The Yukon is clamped down. So is the Trailblazer. Tears flow into the river of recession.


As the last remains of baby toys are pulled from the Trailblazer, the woman suddenly breaks into a crazed, awkward laugh.

"We wanted them to come get this one," she says twice, referring to the Trailblazer. "We're ten payments behind." More laughter mixed with tears.

**T**onight there are no axes or guns. After we pop the trucks, it begins to feel like people are *expecting* the repo man to seize the status cars they could never afford, bought with loans they could never repay.

Blue Sage Court is in Stead, a neighborhood near a power plant, next to a huge, empty field where you might occasionally find a corpse or two. As we're hooking up a Jeep Liberty in a driveway, the bathrobe-clad next-door neighbor (who has been drinking beer in her garage) runs to alert the occupants. Dogs begin to bark loudly. A few moments later, a large bald guy with a worried face emerges. A big-haired woman stands by his side. He keeps repeating, "My wife just lost her job a week ago. I can pay half, I just can't pay the full amount. I made a \$500 payment last week."

Once again, Brian patiently tells them what to do. There is no resistance as the Jeep Liberty is towed away. What's next to go? The house? The tanning bed? Sanity?

"Stead just got bitch-slapped," Brian says over the phone as we drive away, just a guy doing a job during life in wartime. "All in all, it's been a pretty good day." 



# bedazzled

One look at Breanne Benson found us enraptured by the leggy brunette, so perhaps “bespelled” would be more accurate. However we put it, this adult-entertainment star is a welcome addition to the pantheon of Pets.

Photographs by Carlos Manson and Cisco Lamessi



**"My favorite fantasy is being stranded on a beautiful island with a really hot guy. We'd have sex right on the shore in the pouring rain after he rips half my clothes off."**







"The most exciting place I've ever made love was by the entrance of a club. People were walking by, but nobody knew. I just pretended I was dancing. It was fun to be so sneaky!"



"The most daring thing I've ever done was sneak out of school while I was still living with my parents to shoot a porn scene. I was 18, I swear! It was right before graduation."





♀ BREANNE BENSON  
JANUARY 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

# THE BIG RIP



H





"I don't do the whole  
'making love' thing. I'm  
not much of a romantic.  
I prefer passionate fucking."



✚ BREANNE BENSON  
**JANUARY 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH**



H





**Vital stats:**

26 years old  
32C-22-33; 5'2"

**Hometown:**

Temecula, California.

**Your favorite thing about your hometown:**

It's very family-oriented, so I have good memories of growing up.

**Favorite vacation spot:**

Anywhere tropical. I love the beach, the cocktails, and itty-bitty bikinis.

**What do you do for a living?**

I'm a porn star.

**Your favorite thing about your job:**

The sex, of course. I love sex!

**Favorite food:**

Sushi and very spicy foods.

**Favorite drink:**

Wine. I drink it every day.

**Favorite TV shows:**

I love reality TV! *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, Court TV, Discovery Channel, the History Channel...

**Favorite movies:**

*Casino*, *The Godfather*, *Schindler's List*, *Stepbrothers*, *The Hangover*.

**Favorite sport:**

Mixed martial arts.

**Favorite workout:**

Hiking.

**Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger?**

If he's really hot!

**What gets you in trouble?**

I'm just trouble—period.

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# nothing's shocking

**"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."**

By Dave Navarro

■ **How much time do you invest in courting a woman if she's not giving you what you want?**

Time? Courting? I have no idea what you're talking about. I assume that sex is "what I want" in this question, so I will answer accordingly. Rarely does a woman consider that some men "want" compassion, support, understanding, partnership, and a deeply profound emotional connection. I don't want any of those things, so you came to the right guy!

How much time? That depends on the woman. If she is interesting and smart and funny enough, I can hang in there a long time without sex. Of course, there are plenty of ways to satisfy each other that aren't straight sex. She'd have to throw in some of those from time to time. But overall, personality goes a long way. I'm just not into walking the line that could land me in the "big-brother" category. Sometimes a man hangs in too long with the girl of his dreams and ends up becoming a shoulder to cry on when another guy upsets her. I'm *reeeally* not into that. I guess it comes down to how much time we've spent together, rather than days on a calendar. My generic answer would be three to five dates. (I'm speculating here, as I have never waited that long.) The real key is to have a light conversation on the subject when the two of you are comfortable with it. Share your views on the matter, and each of you can make an informed decision.

■ **I had a bad childhood, with a lot of abuse on every level: verbal, emotional, sexual, a lot of violence and chaos, and no intimacy from either parent. I was neglected and had to care for myself as far back as I can remember. I'm 36 now and wondering why, when someone is totally into me, I get irritated, tear them apart, and find a reason to dump them. When it's over, I want the pain. I crave the man who is not interested; if he hates me, it's like grounds for marriage. It's painful, and I'm not sure I will ever be able to receive love. I've tried Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous and therapy. What do you think?**

You kind of answered your own question. Your "teachers" were clearly ill equipped to provide you with healthy relationship skills and tools for achieving true intimacy. Chaos is familiar to you, and when you find yourself in the absence of it, you become uncomfortable, like a fish out of water, gasping for oxygenated replenishment. Your solution is to re-create what you are skilled at: handling the pain and anguish of your childhood. You dump the man, creating the longing for the love that you wanted all along from your parents. This is fairly common, and you are certainly not alone. (Trust me, I know. I'm usually only attracted to women like you!) It's time to take your life back and break free of the familial grip. This isn't easy, as you

will be required to step into areas of discomfort and tread water for a while without having a knee-jerk reaction. Just watch your thoughts and feelings as they go by, but do not respond to them. Your mind will want to trick you into running away, but stay the course. Recognition of this type of syndrome is the only first step. It's a long road ahead, but with therapy and self-help groups, the cycle can be broken.

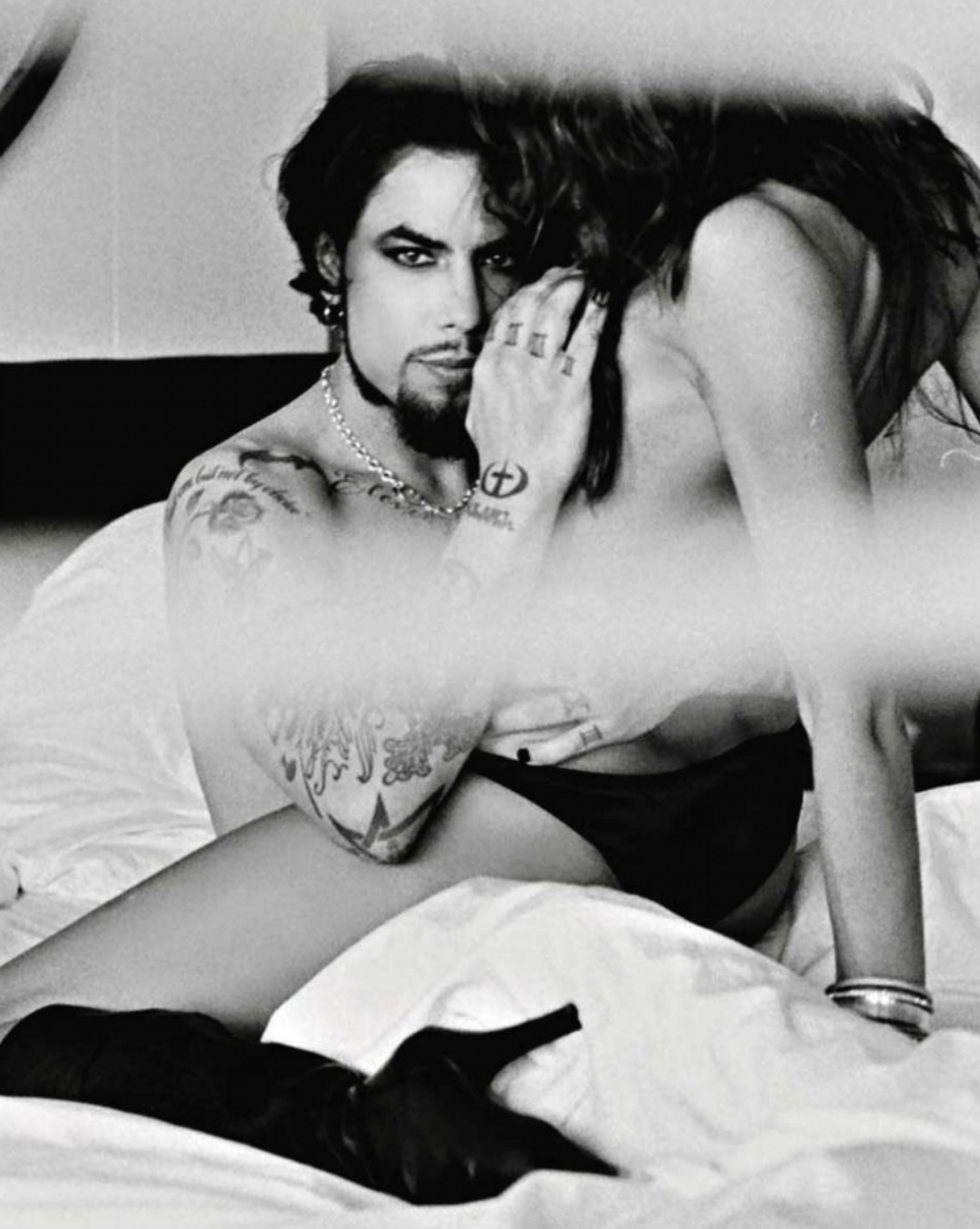
■ **Why do so many guys break up over the phone? It seems really disrespectful and uncaring, and pretty tactless.**

I happen to be a break-up-over-the-phone guy myself. (I know I'll get shit for that, but it's true.) For me, if I'm at a place where I know I'm no longer interested in pursuing a relationship, I make it known as soon as I can. But I'm talking about relationships that are months long, not marriages or when a couple lives together. The reason I opt for a phone call is simple: I don't want to throw out false hope and have a breakup meeting be mistaken for a date or an attempt at reconciliation. If I ask to get together knowing I want to end things, I don't think it's fair to make plans, have her get ready, and meet somewhere simply so she can listen to the reasons why I wish to end things. What then? We walk away and drive home? That just sounds awful.

Many people say, "It should be face-to-face, blah, blah, blah." Why? If you don't want to see someone, isn't seeing them to break up counter-productive? I'd rather a woman break up with me over the phone. I'm not interested in taking time out of my day only to be told, "By the way, that hour you spent getting ready to come here? That was for nothing, because I never want to see you again."

The fact is, it sucks to hear your partner isn't interested anymore. Don't cling to how horrible he is for breaking up that way. That just lets you avoid looking at your own actions. The better bet is to accept it's over and try to learn what changes, if any, you need to make in your own life. If your side is clean, it's his loss.

P.S.: An in-person breakup can include an emotional tidal wave that the "ender" isn't really interested in dealing with. I know it sounds cold, but once they're out, they're out. Why would they want to sit through tears and drama and character



PHOTOGRAPH BY LISA BOYLE

assassinations? Usually after such an onslaught of baggage, the “ender” walks away thinking, *Thank God I did that! If that was a preview of the next ten years, I just dodged a major bullet.* The “endee” should turn to friends for support. Leave the “ender” wondering if he or she did the right thing. Don’t validate their deepest fears by making them sit through the agony of watching a breakdown.

■ **Why do men complain that they don’t get enough sex, then when they find someone who wants it all the time, they don’t want it as much?**

Ha! There are probably many variables at work in this scenario. Let me focus on one. Most men need a little chase. We tend to love the idea that our women “give in” to us and our sexual prowess. Call it ego, but it’s true. When the dynamic turns from

*getting* to have sex to *having* to have sex, it can be a turnoff. I’m not saying this isn’t true for women; you just happened to ask about men.

This is an awful comparison, but allow me to demonstrate. You know how when you get a new car, you take pride in every aspect of being the owner? You take it to the car wash, fill it up regularly at the gas station—and even do the windows, too—worry about where you park, etc. Eventually, a day comes where you’re like, “Fuck! I’m out of gas! I have to fill up!” Wait. Never mind. That is a terrible metaphor—and a little too revealing of the mind of this writer. Let’s start over. If you lived in a small town and there was only one restaurant, wouldn’t you get bored of the same old—*damn!* Again, scratch that.

Sometimes a little withholding can be a healthy way to keep things fresh.

You can suggest mutual masturbation as an option, keeping the heat alive and mixing things up. But as soon as a man or woman feels like he or she has to “service” a partner, regardless of how he or she feels, resentment can crop up. Resentment, in the absence of cheating or deceit, is the No. 1 killer of a committed relationship.

■ **Why is it that if a man has a lot of sex partners he’s considered a real man, and if a woman does she’s considered a ho?**

I don’t know how true this is anymore. The playing field seems to be leveling out. I can’t tell you how many times I have asked out a woman only to hear, “I’ve heard about you! You’re a total whore!” (Still, I make it work for me.) The point is, this age-old double standard is becoming a little less unfair to women.

I think the double standard stems from male insecurity. Men want to be the hunters, the cocks of the walk. They’re used to the old way of thinking: The woman is the caretaker, the keeper of the home. If she becomes more “outgoing,” they think there must be something wrong with her. Even worse, they think there must be something wrong with themselves. It can be crushing to the male ego to think that women have the same needs as men; to know that women think up just as many dirty visuals and fantasize about other lovers as often as men do; to imagine that, in bed, she may be thinking about being with one of your friends. (Sorry, guys, it happens.)

In addition, there’s a whole physical issue at play here. The man’s genitals are on the outside and the woman’s are on the inside. On some unconscious level, men imagine that a woman allowing someone to “enter” her body is more intimate and sacred than simply entering the body of a partner. That can fuck up a guy’s head if he isn’t careful.

Sure, there are those who say that men have millions of sperm trying to escape and fertilize women, while women have but one egg waiting for fertilization, giving men some physiological right to be more promiscuous. I say that people are people and they are going to do, think, and act the way they want. This being the case, let’s just do away with the labels. ☪



Explaining the day's mission



Colombian Coast Guard commandos prepare for battle.



Snaring a remote-controlled sub. At left: the shipyard.



# SNOW SUBS

*Welcome to the cutting edge of the drug war—the underwater smugglers who build tiny submarines, pack them with \$250 million in cocaine, and slowly cruise north.*

*By Jonathan Franklin*

*Photographs by Morten Andersen*

**T**he ocean spray snaps onto my face. The speedboat skips across the Pacific Ocean—Colombian jungle and palm-paradise beaches to my left, cocaine traffickers dead ahead. An hour ago, this was a routine patrol off the coast of Colombia; now it's a scene from *Miami Vice*. A U.S. surveillance plane spotted a suspect off the coast, and now this four-man team from the Colombian Coast Guard is speeding to the front line of the drug war. The machine guns are out, goggles tightly adjusted, and the pilot stares at his radar screen.

It's getting dark, and we can't see a ship. But a chemical smell leads us closer and Javier Restrepo (name has been changed) perks up. Like a bloodhound, Restrepo leads his Colombian Coast Guard toward the smell—the unmistakable chemical stench of 11,000 kilos of pure cocaine.

We move in closer. I can't see any submarine; nor can the crew. But the surveillance plane, invisible to us, 33,000 feet above, targets a "hot spot"—a suspected smuggler. It has the

wake, the heat, and the shape of a 46-foot-long boat—but on the surface, there's nothing there. Our crew fires a flare that arches high above the water and illuminates hundreds of yards in every direction. The sub's busted. Four men seem to stand on the ocean, seawater sloshing up to their knees. From 165 feet away, the submarine is invisible.

Restrepo shouts commands in Spanish; the men raise their arms. They have no guns and do not resist the boarding party. Restrepo begins to interrogate the sub's crew. I am too far away to hear what he says. Suddenly, one of the Coast Guard crew starts screaming from inside the hold and, a minute later, another smuggler is hauled out at gunpoint. He's a saboteur. While the men on deck were being questioned, he went below and opened up emergency valves that allow seawater to pour into the hold. The boat filling with ocean water is the traffickers' last trick—if they can sink the craft, all evidence disappears to the depths of the ocean and they avoid prosecution.

Restrepo realizes what is happening, disappears into the cargo area, shines his light on a row of cocaine bales, and grabs one. The water is up to his waist as he shoulders the bulky sack. The sub rolls to one side. On the deck, Restrepo's men scream that he should evacuate the ship. Restrepo drops the sack, the water now near his neck, climbs out of the hatch, and climbs back onto his speedboat, and curses as the submarine tilts like the *Titanic* and sinks into the Pacific Ocean. The evidence is gone. These subs usually have about \$250 million in cocaine stuffed in the hold.

"As soon as they are detected, they pull the scuttling valve and the guys jump in the water," U.S. Navy Captain Robert Lansing tells me later. Lansing has worked extensively in Colombia. "The method to their madness is that, under international law, it becomes a SAR [search-and-rescue] operation and you must rescue those guys before you do anything to recover evidence."

"It costs about a million dollars to build one of these subs," explains Luis Alvarez, a captain in the Colombian Navy. "But most of that is not for materials, it is to pay the construction



Author Franklin with commando



**If the subs can enter the U.S. with 10,000 pounds of coke, "What else can they deliver?" asks a Homeland Security officer.**

crew [20 to 30 workers] to keep their mouths shut. But even at a million dollars, that is just 1 or 2 percent of the value of the load."

Hollywood still shows drug smugglers with high-profile speedboats and an even higher profile shagging-and-shooting lifestyle. That's old school. The real pros are now undercover and, in the case of cocaine, underwater. The custom-built fiberglass submarines are capable of holding between 4 and 12 tons of pure cocaine. The U.S. Department of Homeland Security estimates that drug submarines (officially called "semi-submersibles") account for more than 30 percent of all the maritime cocaine shipped to the U.S. from Latin America.

Camouflaged in blue/green paint, these craft are the hippest way to sneak cocaine past los gringos and get the stash into the hands of the new drug lords—the Mexicans. Colombians once tried to smuggle

all the way to the U.S., but today they just move the merchandise to Mexico, which is slow but safe. The DEA estimates that at least 50 coke subs left Colombia in 2008, and sees no signs that the trend is slowing. In one month alone, the Colombian and U.S. naval forces captured six subs—an average of one every five days. Locating the subs on land requires informants or solid investigative work. But on the open ocean, the hunt requires sophisticated technology to track the heat given off by the subs' motors.

The cocaine subs do not follow a single design. Each sub requires thousands of kilos of materials and huge engines, all of which must be hauled to remote construction sites where the subs are built in a month or two.



Subs usually carry about \$250 million in coke.



Arresting the crew as the sub sinks



Large sub found nine miles from the coast



Once the sub is built, a crew is hired—including captain, mechanic, navigator, and assistant. There's no kitchen; food is eaten raw. Instead of a bathroom, the men wait until dark, then climb out of the sub and balance themselves on the deck as they do their duties. A single rogue wave could slap them overboard. Life is dangerous inside the sub as well. The air is a mixture of diesel fumes and exhaust. The chemical stench of cocaine from the cargo hold leaks into the living quarters. No beds are built. Instead, the crew sleeps atop the gas tanks during the 9- to 12-day journey.

Salaries for the coke crew are excellent. A coke-sub mechanic earns \$10,000 a day. Captains earn about \$16,000 a day. Payment is divided, 50 percent before the mission and 50 percent after. With this kind of incentive, finding a crew isn't difficult. "For these guys, being picked is like winning the lottery," Lansing says.

But winning this lottery can be dangerous. "Look inside a sub," Lansing tells me. "It is a hand-built, rudimentary boat that does not meet anybody's safety standards. The amazing thing is that they float even *before* they open the scuttling valves. If you have one leak, you sink. There is no reserve buoyancy. If it starts to roll in the high seas and the cargo is not tied down? You could easily capsize the boat. I wouldn't be caught dead in one."

Captain Mario Rodriguez from the Colombian Coast Guard agrees: "You could be crushed by a merchant marine ship. These are homemade vessels; they have no security measures, no navigation lights. These rats need to be stuck in a prison, but first they deserve a medal for this kind of kamikaze mission."

Most subs are launched from the jungle and mangrove swamps near the Colombian port of Buenaventura, a grimy city overrun by AIDS, poverty, and violence. "After the subs leave Buenaventura, they head west for 100 miles and then turn north," explained a U.S. Homeland Security official who asked not to be identified. "They then have a very large target—all of Central America."

The subs are guided by GPS. Instead of heading to a port or landing pier, they are ordered to rendezvous at a specific ocean location, where the cocaine is transferred to a fishing ship, speedboat, or other craft. Once the cocaine is transferred, the sub is sunk, and the crew is provided with false identities to allow them to fly home to Colombia.

In La Guajira, in northern Colombia, smugglers built a 50-foot-long blue submarine in the scrub brush. Shaped like a mutant whale with ventilation tubes sprouting from its back, the sub was not close to the Atlantic Ocean. "It was 12 kilometers away! How were they going to move that sub to the coast?" said an incredulous Mark Morris, a captain in the U.S. Navy. "The Colombian marines who found it were only able to move it one kilometer [in six weeks], so they destroyed it."

For several years, many of these smugglers reportedly were under the control of a Panama-based cartel that organized shipments to Mexico, Central America, Puerto Rico, and

even Florida. While U.S. officials are loath to admit that a coke sub has ever reached our shores, DEA reports in 2004 indicate that four separate shipments totaling 16 tons were unloaded off Puerto Rico. Asked about the probability that a coke sub has made it to the U.S., a Colombian Navy official was blunt: "You have to think so."

According to published reports, the cartel, which was dismantled in August 2008, sold the coke subs for \$500,000 apiece and even offered special options, including remote-control steering systems so the coke sub could be piloted from a nearby fishing vessel. After their arrest, some of the cartel members cut a deal with Colombian police in which they provided the coordinates for their main sub factory—a shipyard in the snake- and scorpion-infested mangrove swamps near the border between Colombia and Ecuador.

But despite the destruction of the cartel and constant assaults from the navy and police, the sub smuggling continues. The boats themselves, as well as the traffickers, are increasingly sophisticated. Recent captures include subs with specific load and weight plans for the cocaine to better balance the ship, more sophisticated electronics, twin-jet propulsion engines, and refrigeration systems to cool the exhaust in an effort to avoid detection from heat-seeking radar systems.

Given the huge profits of the cocaine trade—in 2009, it was an estimated \$17 billion—is it any surprise that traffickers can afford to build their own flotilla of submarines? And when the Colombians, Mexicans, and Americans finally figure out how to stop the submarines, it won't really matter. By then the traffickers will have moved on to something new, proving, if nothing else, that with prohibition you might win the battle, but you always lose the war.

And given the realities of today's world, some officials view the coke subs with a sense of alarm that goes far beyond the war on drugs. They recall that recently the Sri Lankan rebels known as the "Tamil Tigers" operated their own fleet of subs to deliver suicide bombers. One U.S. Homeland Security official who asked not to be named said, "If these subs can leave Colombia and enter the United States with 10,000 pounds of cocaine, what else can they deliver to U.S. ports?"



# queen of hearts

Every year we're tasked with the almost-impossible yet impossibly cool job of choosing one Pet to be the face of *Penthouse*. For 2011, we've selected blonde bombshell Nikki Benz, an adult-entertainment performer and model, feature dancer, and reader favorite.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



"Being a Penthouse Pet has been a big plus for my career! It's brought me more fans and a new respect from my industry peers. Now, to be Pet of the Year ... this is one of the highest honors one can get in the adult-entertainment industry. I'm so excited that I'm going to be representing such a powerhouse brand. I'm proud of myself and of everything I've accomplished."



"I've been congratulated left, right, and center by my family, friends, and peers. It's been so nice to see that I've got people on my side who appreciate what a big deal this is."







"I'm looking forward to traveling the United States and the world and meeting people from all over. I love my fans! They support everything I do, and they definitely know how to show me the love."





"I'm going to be shooting exclusive hard-core movies and layouts this year for the *Penthouse* websites and magazines. And of course I'll still be making appearances as a feature dancer!"

*Pet of the Year*

"Being a feature dancer is a very important aspect of my career. There's nothing better than face-to-face interaction with fans. The energy in the room when I come onstage gives me such an adrenaline rush!"



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# *Pet of the Year*





# Guys Just Wanna Have Fun

By Sarah Walker

A fella can get lonely sometimes. So what's the harm in enjoying the occasional affections of an inanimate object? Of course *Penthouse* readers know that these activities are best handled with a little decorum, but Eddie Manuel Campbell of West Virginia seems to have let his subscription lapse.

In August, police responded to complaints of a man masturbating in Booker T. Washington Park in a residential suburb of Charleston, and found the shirtless Campbell sitting on a bench, his pants around his ankles, in the company of an armless mannequin. "He appeared to be masturbating

while moving the mannequin up and down on top of him," one cop told reporters. When he told Campbell to stop, the 61-year-old allegedly pushed the mannequin off, pulled up his pants, and said, "Just trying to have a little fun."

Campbell was arrested and charged with indecent exposure. Afterward the Kanawha County Sheriff's Office issued a press release stating, "We have yet to interview the mannequin, so [we] are unsure if it was picked up off the street or the two met for a date in the park." The amputee mannequin was reported to be a "child," though its gender remains unknown.

## TOY STORIES

Forget dinner and a movie. As our economy sinks deeper into the crapper, consumers are turning to the relatively inexpensive joys (and guaranteed happy endings) of battery-powered entertainment.

According to the *New York Daily News*, sex-toy purchases are on the upswing, both in brick-and-mortar stores and online retailers from PenthouseStore.com to Amazon, which launched its Sexual Wellness page in 2003, starting with condoms and lubricants, and later expanding to restraints and vibrators. "We've seen this category grow pretty significantly over the past couple of years," said an Amazon spokeswoman.

But not everyone is getting their rocks off at home. In August, Colondra Hamilton of Cincinnati decided to take her portable playmate out for a spin, until police pulled her over for having "overly tinted windows." Apparently the 36-year-old wasn't able to take advantage of the car's darkened interior to hide the incriminating evidence, because when cops looked inside they found Hamilton with her pants unzipped and a sex toy in her lap. She told them she'd been using the toy while watching porn on a laptop held by her passenger. Hamilton was charged with illegally tinted windows and "driving with inappropriate alertness"—whatever the hell that means. —S.W.

## BATTING1,000

By Reverend Jen



Walk into any bookstore today and you're likely to find as many books on sex as there are cookbooks and computer manuals, possibly because fucking is at least as important as cooking and programming. From the groovy *Joy of Sex* and the classic *Kama Sutra* to new titles like *She Comes First*, the selection is mind-boggling. But for one young woman, it was the boob tube that provided carnal inspiration. Christina Saunders of Hertfordshire, England, based her sex life on the TV show *Sex and the City*.

The cute, college-educated brunette wanted to be as sexually confident as Samantha Jones, the show's "man-eater" character played by Kim Cattrall (left). She set a goal for herself: to sleep with 1,000 men in ten years. She got the idea when she was 20, while watching the show during a bout with the flu. "The thought of four women gloating about sleeping their way around New York hadn't appealed to me, but I had nothing better to do so I watched it," Saunders told

*News of the World*. And the rest is history—an exhaustive and hopefully well-lubricated history, wherein the sexual explorer bedded approximately one man a week.

She kept a notebook by her bed, in which she rated her lovers on a scale of one to ten. Many of them she met on vacation, like the Russian "Sasha," whom she boned on a boat in Spain, or the virgin "Sergio," whom she deflowered in New York. (He only scored a four.) She describes frantic sex in toilet stalls, a lesbian fling in a swinger's club, and, not surprising, lots of drinking. Finally, she reached "Mr. 1,000," who she says was "fantastic in bed."

In an age when so many young people lack direction, it's refreshing to see someone achieve her goal. And the good news is that Saunders, now 30, is still single. But potential suitors beware: The sexual overachiever is no longer treating her vagina like a Motel 6. "I took things too far," she recently said. "Now all I want to do is settle down."

## FALLING DOWN

By Christine Colby



This summer, a Scottish couple plummeted through a roof due to their passionate lovemaking. Alex, a 19-year-old student, and her lover, whose name she wouldn't reveal to the press as he was someone else's fiancé, fell ten feet, naked, through a fragile outdoor roof into a shop, and had to be rescued by emergency services. Alex told *The Sun*, "We decided to have sex on the roof because we were bored. It was a bit of adventure-seeking fun, but it all turned scary." Despite the result, she claimed, "I don't regret a minute of it. I might even do it all again."

Alex, who had met her illicit lover on the internet, had called in sick to work to make their late-morning rendezvous of secret sex and racy photo-taking. When asked about the choice of location, she stated, "We can't go to his house because his fiancée

is there. I live with my parents, so we can't go there. But I'm worried he's going to get into a lot of trouble over this." Despite their dramatic drop, neither suffered more than cuts and bruises.

Next time, the couple might want to cushion their fall—as a Mr. Yang of Shanghai did early this year. Neighbors witnessed him dropping from the sixth floor and thought it was a double suicide, as he was clutching a female figure. An eyewitness said, "All I could see was some women's hair and a pile of clothes; it scared me to death."

It turned out the lonely widower attempted to end his life in the company of a blow-up doll, which was squashed underneath him, leaving him with only two broken ribs and light external injuries. Yang told a reporter he jumped because

he was getting older and didn't want to be a burden to his son, who studies overseas. Of his botched attempt, he said, "I wanted to die but didn't; instead I've become a huge joke. Now I won't be able to even see people."

Hopefully, Yang will find a new lease on life with the support of his neighbors, who seemed sympathetic. "I think that playing with something like that isn't a bad thing—better than going and doing something not so clean," one said. Nearby residents also claim that the disgraceful suicide attempt would not give them a negative opinion of Yang, and that they would try to be more neighborly in the future. Looks like the inflatable love doll provided a happy ending after all—Yang claims he will not engage in such a stupid stunt again.

## SAYING NOPE TO THE POPE


By Coral Vincent



Does a bear shit in the woods? Yes, he does. Is the pope Catholic? Yes, he is, and he continues to propagate the strict Church dogma against contraception, including condoms—the front-line warriors against STDs.

On the eve of the first-ever official state visit by a pope to Britain in September, a British Foreign Office employee sent around a memo playfully suggesting that Pope Benedict XVI should commemorate the event by launching his own brand of condoms. The memo was leaked, controversy followed, and Britain issued a formal apology to the Vatican. The culprit was promptly suspended from his duties.

But it wasn't over: A Dutch condom shop called De Condoomfabriek (the Condom Factory) jumped on the proposal, distributing 2,000 free rubbers in wrappers bearing a vague likeness of His Holiness and the words I SAID NO! WE SAY YES! to protest the Vatican's policies toward contraception.

While we're not big on the thought of the pope pontificating from the pulpit of our peckers, there are probably plenty of men who might get a kick out of using their pricks as political placards. 

# The 19<sup>th</sup> Hole

*Our new Penthouse Club in Myrtle Beach is the perfect way to cap off a leisurely day on the links at the seaside golf capital of the world.*

*By Joe Diamond • Photographs by Richard Anderson*

It's a no-brainer to say that Tiger Woods is not the only golfer who appreciates good-looking women. Luckily, in Myrtle Beach, you're just minutes away from the newest Penthouse gentlemen's club, where the magazine comes to life. And while South Carolina may be Bible Belt country, don't be fooled by the stained-glass doors that separate the lobby from the main room. The only thing worshipped on these luxurious premises is the female form.

Since its grand opening in October, when July 2010 Pet of the Month Lela Star and August 2010 Pet McKenzie Miles were on hand for the festivities, the Penthouse Club in Myrtle Beach has become a magnet for discerning fans of feminine perfection. The club was built from the ground up, which allowed the owners to create a true pleasure palace; and because it's within the city limits, the dancers are not hampered by fussy restrictions forcing them to wear pasties or cover up their G-strings.

The club has 110 dancers, with 30 to 55 girls appearing nightly. Many are local Southern belles, or hail from up and down the eastern seaboard, but there's also a sizable contingent of exotic beauties from Asia, Europe, and Latin America. The club's layout—three stages in the executive room and six VIP rooms along the balcony—state-of-the-art sound system, and cutting-edge

lighting enhance the display of beautiful gyrating women, creating a unique and arousing experience.

"It actually feels like you're inside an issue of *Penthouse*," says bartender Alison Kosmos, and it's easy to see from these photos what she means. The walls of the executive room are decorated with recent *Penthouse* covers, blown up to poster size, so on the rare occasions when there's not a real, live curvaceous cutie in your vicinity, you can gaze lustily at Penthouse Pet Lexxi Tyler on the May 2009 cover, at Alexis Texas gracing the June 2010 issue, or at more than a dozen other supersize, smoking-hot cover girls.

Managing partner and co-owner John Kirkendoll feels that the Myrtle

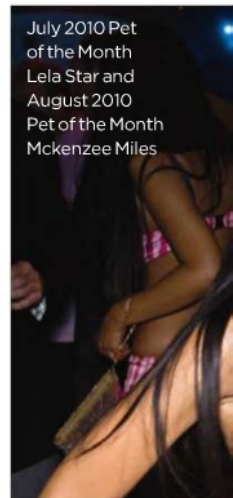
Beach Penthouse Club combines old-world Southern charm with the energy of a modern nightclub. It might even remind you of a swank establishment in the French Quarter in New Orleans. That vibe was created by design. Kirkendoll, along with his brother Alan and Mark Allen, also owns the Penthouse Club in the Big Easy, and they wanted to re-create some of that location's elegant details—the chairs, VIP-room curtains, even tablecloths—in the Myrtle Beach venue. And like its sister in the Deep South, the Carolina club provides ample breathing room for its patrons and performers, with a 30-foot ceiling that tops the spacious main room.

The Big Easy has given one more thing of note to the new club: Reagan, a tall, blonde exotic dancer who has generated a lot of buzz with her signature move—a somersault that ends with her long legs draped over her customer's shoulders. After 18 holes of golf, who could say no to that?

The Penthouse Club Myrtle Beach opens daily at 6 P.M. For directions and information about events, visit [PenthouseClubMyrtleBeach.com](http://PenthouseClubMyrtleBeach.com), [PenthouseClubs.com](http://PenthouseClubs.com), or call 843-839-9519.



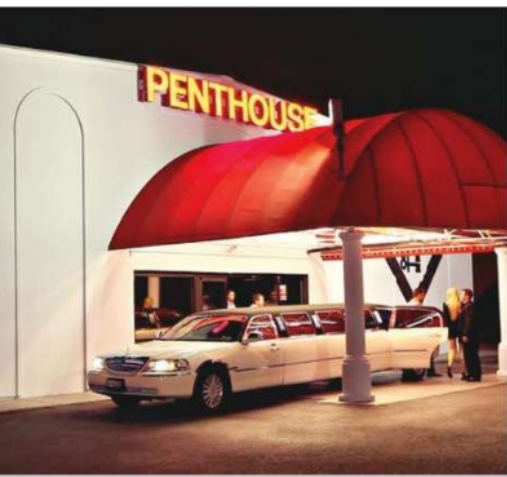
July 2010 Pet of the Month Lela Star and August 2010 Pet of the Month McKenzie Miles





## Dancer of the Month

Reagan is a leggy blonde whose signature move—a somersault that ends with her legs draped over a patron's shoulders—is generating a lot of buzz.



# DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By **Martin Downs, M.P.H.**, and **Victoria Zdrek, Ph.D.**



## ■ RELUCTANT COWGIRL

*I love it when my girlfriend is on top. When she rides me I tend to have the most awesome orgasms. But she's not crazy about the position. I think she might be self-conscious. What can I do to make her feel more comfortable topside?*

**The Pet doctor:** There are lots of possible reasons why being on top is not her favorite position. She may not like that roll of fat on the bottom of her tummy—having to suck in your stomach while pile-driving your partner is no fun. Or she may not like how her breasts jiggle, or the cellulite gathering on her thighs—or some other aspect of her appearance that may seem silly or irrational to you, but is a source of embarrassment to her.

Maybe you should just ask her. If she is reluctant to respond, try to reassure her that she looks particularly beautiful and sexy to you in this position (although that may not change her mind). Tell her how much you love massaging her breasts and clit while she bounces on your bone. On the other hand, she just may be lazy and doesn't feel like doing all the work. In that case, you may want to hold her waist and help her move up and down.

Personally, being on top is my least favorite position—it doesn't affect my G spot nearly as much as being in the missionary position with my knees up to my chin, and it doesn't have the sheer sexy animalism of being done doggie-style with hair-pulling and butt-slapping. I prefer missionary because I like the feeling of being “taken” and overpowered and the weight of a man on me.

Try to find out why she doesn't like being on top, then encourage and reassure her. Alternate having her on top with the position she likes the most. If you have the stamina, bring her to orgasm in her favorite position, then have her finish you off in cowgirl. Compromise solves almost all our problems.

**The Downs side:** It depends why she feels self-conscious. Maybe she's not comfortable with setting the rhythm and the motion. In that case, you could reassure her that she needn't worry about getting it right or wrong, because however she does it, it's awesome for you.

Or, like Dr. Z says, she has body-image issues. I'm sure it's nice for you to watch her tits bounce and sway and her belly undulate as she rides you. But she might be thinking all the while that she's a fat cow, and that you couldn't possibly like the looks of her. To be sure, nothing you could say would really change her mind, but telling her how hot she looks when she's on top is better than keeping mum. If she says she feels self-conscious about you looking at her, you could tell her it's okay to keep a bra, shirt, or nightie on.

Also, like Dr. Z, her lack of enthusiasm for being on top might have nothing to do with anxiety. She might just be a sexual bottom—meaning she vastly prefers getting fucked to being the one who does the fucking. If that's how it is, you'll just have to compromise: Sometimes she gets her favorite thing, and sometimes you do.

## ■ BRAIN CANDY

*What can you tell me about the drug flibanserin? I hear it's supposed to be the new female Viagra.*

**The Downs side:** It was hyped up to be a “female Viagra”—if only in the sense that it gave the drug company, Boehringer Ingelheim Pharmaceuticals, a corporate hard-on to think of its profit potential. But last summer, an FDA advisory committee left the drug-maker with blue balls when it ruled that flibanserin should not be approved. Why? As the committee said, the clinical studies did not show that the drug was much better than a placebo, and the limited benefit didn't outweigh the drug's risks.

Flibanserin is nothing like Viagra, by the way, which helps men get erections by increasing blood flow to the penis. Flibanserin is supposed to alter a woman's brain chemistry in some way to make her hornier. It's intended to treat a condition called Hypoactive Sexual Desire Disorder, defined by psychiatry's big book of mental illness as a chronic lack of desire for sex or sexual fantasizing. HSDD is real, according to the American Psychiatric Association, but it's an easy disorder for drug marketers to manipulate. That's because it's only a problem once it becomes a problem—when it causes “marked distress or interpersonal difficulty.”

If you saw drug commercials every day on TV saying you're sick if your libido doesn't measure up, that could cause you some “distress.” Then maybe your husband sees those ads, too, and he starts questioning whether your libido is healthy; that could lead to “interpersonal difficulty.”

About the studies that failed to impress the FDA's reviewers: Women diagnosed with this disorder took either flibanserin or a placebo for six weeks, and took notes on their sexual activities and feelings. Those who got the drug had an average of 4.5 “satisfying

sexual events" per month, up from 2.8 per month at the start. That's compared with an increase to 3.7 from 2.7 in the women who got the placebo.

Some potential side effects of flibanserin are depression, dizziness, fatigue, and loss of consciousness. The FDA's independent experts didn't think that a gain of 1.7 "satisfying sexual events" per month was worth the risks, especially considering it's not the kind of drug you can take as needed. To get any benefit, women would have to take it every day in perpetuity, with unknown long-term effects.

**The Pet doctor:** I agree with Martin. There's little chance this drug will hit the market, as the FDA unanimously voted against approving it. Based on that decision, Boehringer Ingelheim chose to discontinue development of the drug.

Flibanserin was proposed as a nonhormonal treatment for women with Hypoactive Sexual Desire Disorder, or low libido, and is more similar to testosterone treatments for men (and women) with low sexual desire than it is to Viagra, which treats erectile dysfunction—a lack of sufficient blood flow to the genital area. Viagra doesn't enhance desire, only performance. A man can take all the Viagra he wants, but if he has low sexual desire or is not attracted to a particular woman, he still will not be interested in having sex with her. Testosterone supplementation has been the traditional treatment for low libido in men and women, but due to some nasty side effects, such as increased facial-hair growth and voice changes, it has not been

the ideal desire-enhancer for women. However, since low desire is quite prevalent in women (about one in ten women report low sexual desire with associated distress), the pharmaceutical companies have poured big bucks into a cure, in hopes of a billion-dollar payout.

Flibanserin was originally developed as an antidepressant; a side effect of using it happened to be increased libido. This got Big Pharma excited, and it began touting it fallaciously as the "female Viagra." But women don't have the same "plumbing" issue that men do, so the equivalent of Viagra would do little to enhance their sexual experience. Female sexuality is far more complex than male, involving interactions among multiple neurotransmitters, sex hormones, and various psychosocial factors, so I doubt there will ever be a magic pill that will make us want to screw like rabbits. As my preeminent teacher in sex therapy, Dr. Sandra Leiblum, used to say, "For women to want sex, it has to be sex worth having." Pills can't make it worth it—a man has got to make sex really good for us to crave it. If a guy is a lousy lover, I would rather get off with my pocket rocket or go get my nails done. Or, as Madonna once said, "Everyone probably thinks that I'm a raving nymphomaniac, that I have an insatiable sexual appetite, when the truth is I'd rather read a book." So forget about pills to get us all hot and bothered; be an awesome lover. Or for me, take me shoe shopping and I'll be dripping with desire ... for a pair of new Manolo Blahniks.

**Forget about pills to get women hot and bothered. Be an awesome lover.**



## ■ GOING SOFT

*I just started seeing this girl and everything was going smoothly until we tried to have sex. I've never had this problem before, but as soon as I stop to put on a condom, I lose my erection. Any suggestions?*

**The Downs side:** Yep, it happens. Condoms aren't sexy—that is, unless you make them sexy. You could try having her put the condom on for you. She could tickle and lick your shaft and balls while she slowly rolls down the condom. Or try having her put it on you with her mouth.

(Just be careful she doesn't accidentally bite a hole in the latex.)

Maybe it's not the hassle of unwrapping and putting on the condom, but that pausing to wrap up reminds you of why you're practicing safer sex: vivid images of howling babies and minivans, genital chancres, and wasted AIDS victims flash through your mind, and then ... *droop*.

If anxieties such as these are to blame, you can be reassured that you're doing the right thing. Condoms are very effective protection against pregnancy

and most sexually transmitted diseases when used consistently and correctly.

I wonder if there might be something else about this girl that makes you lose your wood when you pause for a second to put on a condom. Maybe you like her, but you don't really want to fuck her. Maybe she doesn't seem that into you. Your dick could be telling you that she's not right for you.

Your problem could be situational, too. I can think of many scenarios that could cause you to have trouble keeping it up. For example: You get together only

after work, when you're fatigued and cranky; you're under pressure to finish before her roommate/mom/husband/kid comes home; you've been out partying, and you'd be passing out if there weren't a hot chick in your bed.

See if being well-rested, happy, relaxed, and sober doesn't fix the problem.

**The Pet doctor:** You aren't the only guy who goes limp when that rubber slips on. Condoms are universal erection downers. Call it the rubber "condomnation." It's the one big reason why the condom compliance rate is so low for many men. The problem is not your penis getting soft, but your focusing on it and panicking at the thought of being limp.

Instead, just remember that the rigidity of your erection will go up and down throughout the sexual encounter. Continue with foreplay—kissing and caressing. Go down on her, and your soldier will soon be up and ready to go again.

You can also practice putting on a condom at home while masturbating. This way you'll get used to the sensation. Or you could put a cock ring on your erect penis before you put on the condom to trap the blood in it—that has an additional benefit of helping you last longer and improving your orgasms.

But my best advice to you is to stop observing your erection. Remember, a watched pot never boils, and a watched penis never hardens.

## ■ ORGASM SLEUTH

*How can I tell if a girl is faking her orgasms? Is there some telltale sign that I can look for that will let me know if I'm the only one having a good time?*

**The Downs side:** The pelvic muscles may rhythmically contract when a woman has an orgasm. That would feel like her vagina clenching down on your penis. Or if you're looking at her crotch, her vulva, perineum, and anus might appear to pulsate.

Not all orgasms are the same, however. Women also have perfectly real orgasms that aren't of the explosive, throbbing variety, and that don't produce obvious signs. Some women describe orgasms that are like a nice tingle, or not so much a physical sensation as a feeling of sublime well-being. Some have only one kind of orgasm. Others experience various kinds.

That's the answer to your question. Now I have to correct your attitude toward her orgasms, or lack thereof. She can have a "good time" without having an orgasm. Yes. Believe it.

Not all women have orgasms during sex or have an orgasm every time, and yet they very much enjoy sex. Don't focus on giving her orgasms. She'll either have them or she won't. And if she is faking, it's probably because she thinks you need her to have one so that you'll think the sex is good.

Instead of playing orgasm detective, give her the chance to tell or show you what she's into, and what feels good to her. Then you can feel secure in the knowledge that she's having a good time with you, orgasm or no orgasm.

**The Pet doctor:** In a nutshell, you simply can't tell. We women are very, very good at faking, having perfected the art over centuries of being screwed by lazy, selfish, Neanderthal-like lovers, so now it's firmly entrenched in our collective unconscious.

Of course, some women are better actresses than others. Most women fake it by screaming, moaning, or groaning—even though the volume of their vocalizations has little or nothing to do with whether they come. In fact, my most powerful orgasms leave me breathless and silent. I usually just pant afterward to catch my breath.

During a real orgasm a woman's vaginal muscles will usually contract, although you may or may not be able to feel the contractions; her face may get flushed, although you may or may not be able to see it. Her eyes may look dazed afterward and she may appear visibly more relaxed. Some women will tense up their thigh or buttock muscles right before an orgasm, and some will grasp your head and dig in their nails during an orgasm. But each of those things can be faked. Some women get wet or "squirt" when they orgasm, but others can squirt without coming. With some women, the genital area becomes engorged, which subsides after an orgasm—although it can subside without an orgasm as her arousal drops.

So there are no absolute signs. You can ask her to pleasure herself in front of you with a vibrator and see what she looks like when she comes. But it's better to forget about focusing on her orgasm. Instead, work on turning her on, and teasing and arousing her, because for women, foreplay is often more important than climax. ☪



Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at [sexed@ffn.com](mailto:sexed@ffn.com).

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# four play

When the boys are away, the girls will play. The ladies have paired up in every combination, but a "double date" for Vera, Jo, Blue Angel, and Sandra creates new dynamics among friends and lovers. Their picnic inspires erotic explorations that bring the quartet to greater heights of pleasure and passion than they've ever imagined.

Photographs by  
Viv Thomas















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# THE WEBCAM NEVER LIES

*It's just another part-time modeling job, I told myself as I scooped the preselected designer dresses from the rack and carried them into the faux dressing room. It's no big deal, as long as no one recognizes me. And besides—after tonight I had just one show left of this one-week gig, and I really needed the Benjamins.*

I hung the clothes on the hook behind the door. One quick glance at the mirror told me all I needed to know—a small crowd had already gathered; the word was out. The people milling around on the sidewalk were there to see the 8 P.M. nightly showing of “Window Dressing,” which really amounted to me *undressing*. All I had to do for the next 60 minutes was pretend I was in the store's dressing room trying on several designer evening dresses. It wasn't like I was completely naked. God knows I've worn less at the beach. But the webcam was another thing. The live streaming, the YouTube videos, and the previous night's news coverage of my little stripped-down fashion show weren't helping. At least I had only one more show left after tonight. And I loved getting paid at the end of each night.

As usual, I had a mild case of stage fright—little butterflies in my stomach as I started to unbutton my blouse. Everything I had on was available in the store, from my matching bra, bikini, and garter set to my stockings, pencil skirt, and strappy sandals. The blonde wig, so different from my dark, wavy hair, was my idea, and I'd had to fight tooth and nail to get the event manager's approval. I just didn't want anyone from the office to recognize me. I tried to ignore the sizable crowd behind the velvet rope outside, but I couldn't help but steal glances in the mirror as I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor. I reached for a little black velvet dress from a hanger and saw a familiar face in the mirror that hadn't

By Damaris Garcia  
Illustrations by Jon Proctor

been there a moment ago. It was Jordan again—a suit from my office. I'd hoped it was my imagination, but no such luck. This was the second time I'd spotted him in the throng of onlookers. My nipples started to harden as I remembered, word for word, the email he'd sent me just that morning:

“Hey Jasmine—A few nights ago I was checking out a live feed someone told me about from a boutique's webcam on Madison Avenue. There was a girl trying on clothes in the store window and she looked just like you—only she was blonde and really hot and maybe a few pounds lighter than you, and maybe a little taller. Other than that, I'd swear it was you. Do you have a twin moonlighting as a model?”

*What? She looked slimmer than me? What the fuck was he talking about? Was he trying to piss me off?* Okay, I should have been upset that he thought he recognized me. Instead, my initial outrage had stemmed from the fact that he practically called me fat—and short! And to think I almost gave this guy some! Yeah, well, my body might still want to fuck him, but that so wasn't going to happen now. At last year's holiday party I made the mistake of having one too many Mojitos and wandering off to some dark, private area with Jordan. That's how I found out what he could do with his highly dexterous fingers and agile tongue. I've always had a direct line from my nipples to my pussy, but with Jordan's skills I turned into Super Slut. He had me coming





and flooding my panties without even getting inside them. If another horny couple hadn't interrupted us, he'd have had me stripped naked and begging for a good, hard reaming. Since then, I'd been avoiding him like the plague. That didn't mean I didn't still get wet and hot and flushed whenever he came near me; I just didn't do anything about it. Well, that's not entirely true. I refused to let *him* do anything about it. I, on the other hand, went home and masturbated like a demon. Needless to say, I neither confirmed nor denied a damn thing in his email. I merely blanked him for the rest of the day. Obviously, that strategy had worked out really well for me. Mental note: *Putting your head in the sand does not make bad news go away.*

After smoothing the dress down over my hips, I did a slow turn in front of the mirror, surreptitiously checking out the crowd. And yes, that was most definitely Jordan, only now he was waving at me and giving me that quirky little smile that always managed to curl my toes in my Jimmy Choos. I had no choice but to ignore him if I wanted to get through the next 50 minutes. It wasn't going to be easy. I could feel Jordan watching me—and it was making me hot and oh-so-wet. I wanted to touch my clit and shove a few fingers inside my pussy for good measure. That fucking Jordan! I didn't know how I was going to fix this problem, but I'd worry about it later.

I managed to try on three more dresses before quitting time. When I'd changed into my original outfit, which also belonged to the boutique, I took only the little black dress—as if I'd decided to buy that one—and my tote bag with my own clothes, and left through the fake dressing-room door, which led back into the store. All I had to do was return the dress to the appropriate department, pick up my check, and change. With luck, I'd be out before the store closed and I wouldn't cross paths with Jordan. I started walking and thought, *So far, so good.* Then I took two more steps and saw him waiting, right in my path. I quickly ducked my head and detoured through the perfume aisles.

"Hey, Blondie!" Jordan said. "Still going to tell me that's not you under that wig, Jazzy? The webcam never lies, baby."

"*No entiendo,*" I hissed at him as I kept walking. I risked a furtive glance over my shoulder only to see he was still hot on my heels.

"You do too understand me," he said laughingly.

*Oh, yeah? Prove it.* I kept moving, making a beeline for the department manager. If I could just make it to the dressing room, I could hide out till closing. I could call the store in the morning and ask them to send me my check, citing food poisoning, and tell them I wouldn't be able to do the final show. Then I thought about going to my regular job the next day and really felt sick. I'd sweated through the designer silk blouse and the fabric clung to me like a second skin—not in a good way. Not my problem. My problem was ten paces behind me like a bad tail. The panties had been ruined the instant I'd creamed them, but at least I was allowed to keep them.

I was out of breath by the time I reached the counter to drop off the dress. Thank God Lizzy wasn't around. She'd certainly want to update me on the latest dirt concerning people in the store whom I cared absolutely nothing about. With a flick of my wrist, I tossed the dress on the counter and kept moving. Then I heard, "Hi, Jasmine!" and I cringed. She'd spotted me. I looked over my shoulder and was horrified to see that I now had Jordan and Lizzy trailing behind me, like my own little parade from hell. Thankfully, Lizzy was stopped and detained by an unsatisfied customer, leaving me with just Jordan.

At that point, I did the only thing I could under the circumstances: I ran—well, as much as I could, considering the tapered skirt and high heels—and made it to the fitting area before Jordan caught up with me. As soon as I was safely inside the nearest dressing room, I slammed the door behind me and leaned up against it, gasping for breath. Now all I had to do was change my clothes and wait until closing. The shoppers would have to leave the store, and I'd be able to slip out through the employee exit.

I moved away from the door and placed my bag on the settee. Then I quickly snatched the useless wig from my head and stuffed it in my bag. As I took off the skirt and blouse, my breathing slowly returned to normal. I even managed to convince myself I'd given Jordan the slip, but I was just doing the head-in-the-sand thing again. Lost in thought as I unfastened the garter and peeled off the stockings, I didn't hear the door open behind me. But I heard it click shut and lock. The entire room was mirrored, and when I looked up I saw Jordan's reflection. He smiled and my heart started racing again. I probably looked like a deer caught in someone's headlights—a deer with sopping-wet panties.

"You weren't trying to hide from me, were you?" he asked, closing the short distance between us with one step. Then his hard body was behind me and his hands were cupping my breasts. I had every intention of pulling away from him, but when I felt the hard ridge of his thick cock against my ass, I got all hot and gooey inside. While I thought about how much better his cock would feel once it was inside me, Super Slut took possession of my faculties again. Instead of removing his hands, I moaned as I placed my hands over his and arched my back, pressing my tits into his palms. To make matters worse, I'd begun writhing against him, grinding my ass against his cock.

Every movement I made only encouraged his boldness. He pulled my bra straps off my shoulders and tugged on my push-up bra until my breasts spilled over the top. He rolled my nipples between his fingers as his lips and tongue played along the pulse in my neck. When he found the sweet spot right under my ear, the one that makes me crazy if given the right treatment, I reached back to caress the back of his head and moaned, "Harder. Suck harder." I knew he was

He had me so hot  
he could have fucked  
me in the middle of  
the shoe department.



going to leave a mark, but I didn't care. I wasn't about to tell him to stop—not when what he was doing felt so good, and not when I'd already decided to blow off my final performance.

When his hand left my breast and dipped between my legs, I knew I was lost. He cupped my mound with his big hand and groaned, "God, Jazzy. You're so wet! You know I've got to fuck you, right here, right now."

He had me so hot he could have fucked me in the middle of the shoe department. I turned to face him and his mouth came crushing down on mine. There was so little space between us it was nearly impossible to unbutton his shirt, but I had to feel his hot skin against mine. I gripped the front of his shirt and pulled. Hard. Buttons went flying. Now, skin to skin, I rubbed against him, loving the feel of his muscled chest against my hardened nipples almost as much as his raging hard-on pressed along my stomach. It felt so good that I suddenly had the urge to scale him, wrap my legs around his hips, and slide my throbbing wet pussy right down on his pole.

Jordan and I must have been on the same lust-filled wavelength. We both reached for his belt buckle at

the same time, our wrestling fingers hindering each other's progress. I finally gave in, letting him free his cock while I stepped out of my saturated panties. Then Jordan lifted me in his arms, which was a good thing. My legs felt like jelly as he carefully backed his way to the little settee in the corner. As soon as he was seated with me straddling his lap, I reached down and guided his thick length inside me. I felt every inch of him. He felt huge, but I was so juicy with wanton desire that he slid right in, filling me completely. I couldn't blame this on Super Slut. This was all me. Me, who braced my hands on the mirror over his shoulders. Me, who threw back her head and started us both on an X-rated roller-coaster ride to ecstasy. Me, who raised and lowered her cunt and ground her hips around his cock. Me, who hissed, "Suck my tits, Jordan," as I rode him with abandon.

When he drew my nipple into his mouth, ripples of pleasure went through me. And when he held my hips to intensify his thrusts, I nearly lost my mind. Then, when he pressed my clit and rubbed, I did. The orgasm that consumed me was like free-falling from a monumental height. Each time I thought I was done, he'd

thrust deep into me and I'd come again. Finally, Jordan groaned one last time and I knew he was finished.

I felt drained. My pussy was still experiencing little aftershocks and I knew I should climb off Jordan's lap, but neither one of us seemed inclined to move—until I heard someone knocking softly on the door. I knew it was too close to closing time for anyone to be trying anything on. If it was security, I'd already made up my mind that this was my last night, so I didn't think I had anything to worry about. Jordan grinned at me and I put a finger across his lips, willing him to be quiet. I climbed off his lap and started to get dressed. Then the knocking started again.

"I'll be right out," I said, pulling on my own clothes and neatly folding the store's skirt and blouse and placing them on the seat next to Jordan. Jordan stood and began straightening his pants and tucking in his shirt. The buttons were gone, so he just buttoned his suit jacket.

"Hey, Jazzy," Lizzy yelled. "Are you okay in there? Are you sick?"

"I'm fine, Lizzy," I said, trying to think of a way to get rid of her so I could sneak Jordan, who was trying his best not to laugh, out of the room. "Can you do me a favor and drop these clothes off at the designer counter? I'm looking for my earring." Then I snatched the clothes, passed them out to Lizzy without meeting her eyes, and slammed the door shut.

When I heard her walk away, I grabbed my bag with one hand, Jordan with the other, and slipped out the door. The store was nearly empty, just a few salespeople remaining. I told Jordan I'd meet him outside and pushed him toward the door. I'd have followed him, but I needed to get my check, especially since I had no intention of ever returning to this store in this lifetime.

Lizzy had dropped off the clothes and was waiting for me. I tried to ignore her, but she followed me. At least she had the decency to wait until I'd picked up my check to ask me if I'd had a good time in the dressing room. I told her I was late and promised to tell her all about it when I came into work the next day. I hated lying to her, but I just couldn't explain. And besides, I could see Jordan waiting outside the store, smiling at me, and I knew we both wanted to pick up where we'd left off. The only thing we had to decide was whether we were going to his place or mine. ☪



# SEX BARCELONA STYLE

## Penthouse Features

Barcelona has long enjoyed a reputation—especially among thrill seekers and libertines—as one of the most rockin' cities in all of Europe. So it's not surprising that this collection is cast with intriguing and exotic European women who offer something their Southern California sisters-in-porn don't. Cristal May, a natural-bodied, silver-blond Russian babe, takes a long, fat cock up her ass, her compliant and grateful moans urging her partner on through several different butt-banging positions (it's a nice touch when she sucks his thumb and he sucks her toes). Sex

*Barcelona Style's* lone dyke scene will appeal to the more adventurous—its players, C.J. and Blue Angel, a sexy long-haired blonde and a shaven-headed little fuck bunny, respectively, screw like real dykes. Their moaning, mewling, and muff-munching session is one of the best scenes here, and is meant for those who like seeing real scissor sisters in action. The entire disc, truth be told, offers a nice alternative to typical stateside porn in its starlets, its attitudes, and its action.

Above: Blue Angel  
Left: Cristal May and Cristian Clay

By Johnny Bronx



### **TALES OF TWISTED SEX** Penthouse Variations

Asa Akira, playing a journalist investigating alternative sexual lifestyles, gets more than she expects as five extreme sets of people lay bare their souls (and more). Fans of freewheeling, heartfelt girl-on-girl sex play will appreciate the coupling of Briana Blair and October 2009 Pet of the Month Ryan Keely. The pair takes us on a journey of girl-love that is by turns sensuous and seriously steamy (and Keely in action as a Pet has indeed been worth the wait). Alexa Nicole similarly shines in a threesome that finds her the sexual plaything for two hard-dicked studs. As any good journalist would, Asa dives headlong into her subject, a raunchy bit of roleplaying that includes light bondage, foot worship, and a catchy little twist ending that brings the story home with an incredibly strong erotic performance. Good stuff, with a cast that also includes Alexis Texas.

Above left: Asa Akira and Denis Marti  
Above right: Taylor Vixen



### **ADULTFRIENDFINDER.COM'S** GUIDE TO GETTING GIRLS Penthouse Features

Six bountiful beauties, led by 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen, show you how to use the internet to snare the girl of your dreams. Case in point: Gioia Biel and James Deen, who hook up online through their mutual love of, uh, Renaissance faires. Gioia makes a button-cute maiden, to be sure, who gets bedded among fluffy pillows, satin sheets, and enough cunt-lapping to keep her coming back for more. A glammy Carmen McCarthy hooks up with an inexperienced chat-room buddy with a ball-tugging headjob and a barroom balling that leaves her tits glazed with come. Later on, Taylor gives the ladies in the crowd some relationship help, too, as she hooks up with slutacular Zoe Britton. Narrated by sultry India Summer, this primer in getting what you want, when you want it, is totally entertaining but also gives enough true-life advice to make it a worthwhile addition to your sexual arsenal. 

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at [PenthouseStore.com](http://PenthouseStore.com).

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# serendipity

We're always happy when things come together, and this month we have a lovely convergence of pursuits of happiness: The 23-year-old Bijou loves being a nude model, and we love having the 35-25-37 brunette from the Czech Republic in these pages.

Photographs by Louis Moiré

"I would like to visit the U.S. more, especially Los Angeles and Las Vegas. I've heard that they have great shows, and I like casinos. That would be perfect for me."







A full-page photograph of a woman with long dark hair posing in a large, white, oval-shaped toilet bowl. She is leaning back, looking over her shoulder at the camera. Her right hand is placed on her hip, and her left hand is raised near her head. She is wearing black thigh-high stockings with black bands and black high-heeled boots. The background is a solid pink color. The toilet bowl is set into a pink wall, and the floor is a dark wood.

"I don't like to stay in one place. If I ever took an office job, it would have to be a job that involved a lot of travel."

"I would love to have sex on a beach at sunset. I imagine it being very sensual and arousing, but it would also be romantic."







**"Sex in an airplane bathroom is a lot of fun.  
When I joined the Mile-High Club, I got  
even more excited when I thought about the  
other people on the plane, wondering  
who would realize what we were doing."**

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## ■ PAYBACK'S A BITCH

Goddamn it was hot. Sticky. Sweltering. Stifling. I could feel it consuming me, boiling my anger into white-hot flames. The scene replayed itself in my mind, again and again, like a badly scratched record. Him kissing that girl. That fucking girl. That fucking prick. I needed to calm down soon or I'd crash the damn car.

It had been an hour since I'd thrown my stuff in my car and hit the open road. To where, I still didn't know. To anywhere, to anything, to anyone.

After another 50 miles, my anger had finally eased to intensely pissed off—and I really needed a snack. Sighing, I jerked the wheel to the right and pulled into a tiny gas station/convenience store, my tires kicking up dust. God, it was hot out here. Too hot.

I absently pulled my hair off my neck to wipe off the sweat as I walked into the store, feeling eyes on me as I did. Turning sharply, I glanced at the guy on the bike. Back up ... a Harley-Davidson. Nice. The red and chrome glistened in the sunlight, momentarily blinding me. Shading my eyes, I checked out the guy. Talk about too hot. His Levi's were faded from many miles on the road. His black T-shirt hugged his torso. His hair was wild and his sunglasses hid his eyes. But I could feel his gaze on me and shivered despite the heat.

I went in, grabbed a cherry cola, tossed a couple of bucks on the counter, and headed back to my car. He was still there, still straddling his bike and still following my every move. This time I didn't turn to look. I shivered again as his gaze hardened my nipples into stiff points. Great. I got in the car and took off without a backward glance.

Twenty minutes later, my anger was back in full force. Smoke was billowing out of the hood of my car. Just fucking perfect. In my rush to leave our apartment, I'd left my cellphone in the charger. Now I was stuck in the middle of nowhere in 100-degree heat. Sighing, I cranked up the music and sat back to wait for the engine to cool. At least I had water in the trunk. I didn't get out of the city often, but dickhead had loaded up on emergency supplies when we went on vacation a couple of months ago.

The distant sounds of a motor on the deserted highway reached my ears before I could see anything. When it got closer, I realized it was the motorcycle, and the hot guy. Just what I needed. Another guy. He



slowed, kicking up dust as he pulled onto the shoulder behind me. I stayed where I was. I could see him in the rearview mirror, cutting the engine and swinging his leg over the bike. A well-muscled leg.

"Need help?" His voice was low and smooth, making me jump when I realized he was right beside me.

I cleared my throat, managing to croak out, "Yeah, my car died."

He looked at me for a moment, his eyes still covered by the mirrored glasses. I felt my skin flush just as he said, "Pop the hood."

Gladly. Anything to keep my nipples from hardening again.

I stayed where I was while he

looked at the engine from the side, away from the dissipating steam. I'd like to tell you that I sat there because I feared for my safety, or I wanted to avoid the intense rays of the sun. But in truth, I had a perfect view of his ass from the driver's seat. And what an ass it was.

Okay, I needed to get a grip. This is just a guy. Good for fixing cars. Good for helping a stranded motorist on the side of the highway. The deserted highway in the middle of Arizona, on a sweltering afternoon, with no one else around for miles.

I stepped out of the car behind him and he turned and gazed at me. Those damn glasses were really starting to piss me off. "Got any water?"

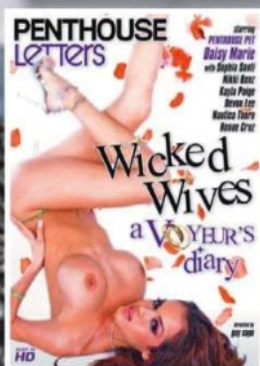
I nodded absently, noticing for the first time the scruff on his face. It was sexy. He was sexy. I shivered again, my nipples once again showing through my white top. I tried to be nonchalant, turning and walking slowly to the trunk. Behind the trunk lid, I breathed deeply, willing my nipples and

**He rocked into me.  
Each thrust was faster  
and deeper than the  
last, forcing me forward  
onto the hot metal.**

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my thoughts to return to normal. Grabbing the jug of water, I slammed the lid shut and sauntered back over to him, making sure to breathe.

"Here. Thanks for doing this."  
He didn't respond.

I waited a few minutes, leaning against the driver-side door until he was done. The sun was intense, making the sweat roll between my shoulder blades and my cheeks flush. I just wanted him to finish and get the hell out of there.

"Okay, babe. That should do it." He shut the hood with a slam.

Babe? "My name's Adrienne."

"Whatever."

"Nooo, not whatever. My name is Adrienne."

He stooped and picked up the half-empty jug of water. Handing it to me, he paused and said, "Whatever you say, babe."

What the fuck? I quickly grabbed the jug from him and pivoted on my heel to head back to the trunk. I had only taken a step when he grabbed my arm and jerked me around, the jug of water landing with a thump on the ground, soaking the parched dirt. His soft lips caught mine, moving in ways that shouldn't be legal, sucking my bottom lip between his own. I gasped, allowing his tongue into my mouth. His hands moved up my back, into my hair, and caressed the nape of my neck. *Oh, God.*

He was devouring me. My lips, my neck, my ear. He ran his tongue over the rim of my earlobe. I gasped again.

Suddenly I was pushed back against the car, my ass digging into the side, my palms flat against the door to steady myself as he attacked my neck.

Very slowly, he ran his hands down to my shoulders and slid the straps of my top down my arms, exposing my nipples to the intense sun. Gliding lower, his hands found their way down my back, over my hips, and settled on my thighs just below the hem of my skirt. He took first one nipple, then the other, into his warm mouth, rolling the tip with his tongue. I whimpered, throwing my head back to expose more of myself to him. His only response was to run his hands up my thighs and underneath my short flowered skirt.

I grabbed the glasses off his face before he could protest, throwing them into the dirt. He just stared at me, his incredible brown eyes holding a look I'd only seen in predators. I licked my lips.



I lost all coherent thought as soon as he moved his thumbs to stroke me, moving my panties to one side.

I attacked his mouth, kissing him like I'd never kissed anyone before. He increased the pressure between my legs until I was rocking my hips and thrusting into his hand. When he suddenly thrust two fingers into me, I couldn't help but cry out. He didn't respond, just smiled a sexy grin that lit up his eyes and made me shiver again.

I was teetering on the brink, his hands and lips spiraling me forward with every second of blissful torture. Then he stopped. *Oh, God, don't stop.*

He kissed my collarbone, sucking on the sensitive flesh as he turned me so I faced the trunk. With his face buried in my hair, he leaned us both over. My hands stretched out in front of me and my nipples flattened against the hot metal.

The faint sound of a zipper caused my blood pressure to skyrocket and my breath to catch in my throat. His hands were suddenly on the back of my thighs, very slowly pushing my skirt up. His callused palms rubbed against my almost-bare ass, sending the nerve endings at the

juncture of my thighs into overload, and I moaned. *Thank you, God, for whatever I did to deserve this.*

All rationality and prudence left me as his finger hooked the edge of my panties and slowly shifted them to the side. Then suddenly he was inside me, pressing deep and fast without any warning.

"Fuck!" I gasped.

He laughed softly into my thick hair. "Okay."

He rocked into me, slowly at first, then faster. Each thrust was faster and deeper than the last, pushing me forward onto the hot metal. The movement forced my strained panties against my clit, and my nipples scraped almost painfully against the paint. I could feel the length of him pressed against me, the heat from his black T-shirt seeping into my skin. His lips were on my neck, inaudible words spilling from his mouth. I moaned, formed words that were lost as he sucked on my earlobe. *Don't stop. Don't ever stop.*

His hands were on my back, my neck, my arms. His touch sent fire shooting down my spine. His thrusts were coming fast and hard, jarring me again and again. With two more thrusts he paused, groaning into my ear, "*Fuuuck.*"

He collapsed on top of me, flattening me against the hot metal. His breathing was hitched and unsteady, matching my own.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of feeling his heartbeat

**I was pushed back against the car. He took one nipple into his warm mouth, rolling the tip with his tongue.**



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against my back, he slowly eased off me. I heard the familiar sound of a zipper and felt his hands on my ass, smoothing the fabric of my skirt back over my exposed flesh. I couldn't move. My breath was still coming in short gasps and my muscles refused to cooperate.

The length of him lay on top of me again, caressing my stretched-out arms with his calloused hands.

"You should get up, babe. You're going to get a sunburn." His voice was low and husky, his lips tickling my ear.

I smiled. "My name's not babe."

He laughed again as he ran his fingers through my hair.

I sighed as he put his arms around me and lifted me off the car. My nipples were red and hard, sore from the friction. He pulled the straps of my shirt up slowly, covering the raw flesh with the soft fabric. Then his arms were around me and his lips were on mine, slow and thorough.

And just as soon as it had started, he stepped back, picked up his sunglasses, and walked to the Harley. I watched him swing his leg over and the motor roared to life. He flashed me a smile. "Thanks for the ride, Adrienne."

Then he was gone, and it was just me and the lonely stretch of highway once again. But now I could barely remember why I'd hit the road in the first place. Nothing like a good screw to defuse righteous anger.—A.L., Arizona

## ■ MY BUCKET LIST

Ever since that stupid Morgan Freeman movie came out, *The Bucket List*, I've been forced to listen to people rationalize their ridiculous decisions by saying they had to do one thing or another because it was on their bucket list. After a while it really got to me, so I figured I'd do shit that was on my own damn list. One of the first items to check off was hiring a hooker. When I was in Reno on business, I decided to go for it. Then I figured I'd kill two birds with one stone: I'd hire two hookers and have a threesome.

As soon as I got out of my last meeting on Thursday night, I went back to my hotel and looked up a decent escort agency. I didn't want to just pick up some girl off the street, and the place I chose had pretty good reviews on this message board I'd found. I asked the receptionist for two of her best girls, girls who wouldn't have any problems with a threesome.



She said she'd send Katrina and Roxanne, two of her most popular girls, and that they'd be at my hotel in an hour.

I had time to kill, so I straightened up the room and hopped in the shower. By the time I heard the knock on my door, I was more than ready for some action.

The girls who showed up were fuckin' smoking! Katrina was a petite, busty brunette, while Roxanne was slimmer and a few inches taller, with deep reddish hair that hung in loose waves down her back. I poured them each a glass of wine from the bottle I'd picked up earlier, and we all got comfortable. For a few minutes I just talked to them, finding out what else they did and where they were from (Katrina had an obvious German accent, while Roxanne sounded like

a New Englander). I was intrigued, and aroused, too. Every word they said, every movement of their bodies, seemed sensual and erotic. I'd booked them for two hours, so there was plenty of time, but I didn't want to waste another second.

Plucking the empty glasses from their hands, I got up and put them on the desk before returning to the two beauties before me. I leaned down to kiss Katrina, then moved over to Roxanne, but they didn't care about kissing, and neither did I. What I really wanted was to get down to business, and the girls seemed to be on the same page.

I pulled them up from the bed and undressed them. It wasn't a difficult task, since each girl was only wearing a dress, heels, and some lacy panties. I had them down to nothing in seconds, and I felt like a kid in a candy store. I wasn't sure which delicious treat I wanted to indulge in first. Then they were undressing me, one girl pulling off my shirt while the other unzipped my pants and worked them down my legs. Soon I found myself flat on the bed while Roxanne sucked my cock and Katrina settled her bare cunt over my mouth.

Katrina's cunt was only slightly damp, and I knew I had to do a good job if I wanted to arouse her. I dove in, fucking her pussy with my tongue. I licked and sucked her labia and her clit, and I drove my tongue in and out of her cunt as fast and forcefully as possible. When she started grinding against my face, smearing her juices over my five-o'clock shadow, I knew I had her right where I wanted her.

Meanwhile, Roxanne was really slobbering up my dick. I was thrusting my hips and fucking her face as she sucked me down her throat. I wanted to come in her mouth and make her swallow my seed, but I wanted to fuck her and Katrina, too, so I held off by pushing her away. I flipped her brunette counterpart off my mouth and shifted around on the bed. I had Roxanne lie on her back and positioned Katrina on her hands and knees between the other girl's legs. I told her to eat her friend's pussy, and once she'd started, I got behind her, rolled on a condom, and thrust my dick into her cunt to fuck her from behind.

I really gave it to Katrina, pounding her pussy like a jackhammer. I fucked her harder than I'd ever fucked anyone before, figuring a pro like her could take it. And she could. No matter how

**When she started grinding against my face, smearing her juices over me, I knew I had her right where I wanted her.**

hard I fucked her, she wanted me to be rougher. She'd break away from her friend's cunt to beg me for more.

Roxanne's pussy was taking a real licking, too—literally. The harder I fucked Katrina, the more energetically she ate the redhead's cunt, and Roxanne was thrashing beneath us with abandon.

Once again I could feel myself getting too close. I wanted to fuck Roxanne before I came. I pumped into Katrina until she climaxed, then I pulled out of the brunette's drenched cunt and had her move up the redhead's body. As soon as she was seated over the other girl's mouth, I thrust my slick cock into Roxanne's wet cunt. She was tighter than Katrina, and just being inside her brought me closer to climax.

I fucked Roxanne furiously, my cock stroking her tight cunt faster and faster. I could hear her moans, muffled by Katrina's juicy pussy, as she got close to orgasm. I waited for her to come, to feel her cunt walls shuddering and clasp around my shaft, and shot my load. I kept banging her even after I'd finished coming, waiting for her to bring the brunette to her second climax. Then I

pulled out and flopped down next to them on the bed.

They double-teamed me then, licking my cock and balls clean. They kept it up until I was stiff again, and by then there was just enough time for a second round of fucking before my appointment was up. I screwed Katrina again while she ate Roxanne's cunt, then took the redhead's ass, fucking her even-tighter hole while the brunette sucked my balls. When my two hours ended, I was more than satisfied with the services rendered, and I made sure to tip both ladies nicely.

Now whenever I hear people bullshit about their bucket lists, I can't help but mentally cross those activities off my own list. I've got some other kinky shit to do, though. I'll let you know how that goes.—Name and address withheld

**I kept banging her even after I'd finished coming, waiting for her to bring the brunette to her second climax.**



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## ■ HEAVY METAL

Every few months my boyfriend goes away for a guys' weekend with his buddies, usually for four or five days. I love that he gets to hang out with his friends, but I'm always really horny, and I hate having to go so long without sex.

The last time he took off with his friends, though, he dropped off a present for me and told me to use it while he was away. The second he walked out the door, I ripped the brown paper off and found a metal dildo inside. It was really pretty, but I wasn't too sure it would keep me as happy as he could. I've never been a fan of vibrators and dildos, but if Jerome thought it was worth a try, I was willing to give him—and the toy—the benefit of the doubt.

The toy's shaft was about six inches, and looked like five metal balls stacked one on top of the other, and it felt heavy. The metal was cold to the touch, too, and I couldn't imagine why they would make a sex toy out of steel. But I was determined to give it a try.

I went to the bedroom and undressed, put an X-rated movie in the DVD player, and lay down on the bed. I held the toy in my hands, hoping my body temperature would warm it up, before sliding it between my thighs. I figured the heat down below would do the job faster, especially since I was getting pretty hot and bothered from the movie.

When I couldn't control the urge to play with myself any longer, I reached between my legs and grabbed the dildo before frigging my clit. My pussy was wet when I slid the now-warm metal toy between my cunt lips. I eased it in, one ball after the other, until I had it halfway in. It was still really hard, but it felt better than I'd thought it would. I pushed it in more, until all five balls were inside me. My pussy clenched around the base, just above the handle, and it took me a minute to get used to how that metal felt inside me.

Once I got used to the steel against my pussy, I pulled the dildo out of my cunt, the ridges of the stacked balls bumping along my inner walls. The sensation was definitely arousing. I wasn't expecting it to feel good, let alone to feel *that* good, and I shrieked with surprised delight as the metal shaft slid out of me. When the toy was all the way out, I pushed it in again, faster than the first time, and the delicious sensation repeated itself.

I pumped the dildo even faster,

fucking myself with it. Every stroke sent shivers down my spine and made my pussy tingle. I loved it! I thrust the steel shaft in and out while I teased my clit with my other hand. I could feel my juices seeping out around the toy and knew I would be coming soon, so I took things up a notch, pumping my cunt faster and faster. I knew my orgasm would be explosive, and I wanted it *now*.

It took only another minute to get myself off, and when I came, my body shook spastically and I made such loud, animal-like sounds of pleasure that I could hardly believe the noises were mine. It was the best orgasm I'd ever given myself, and it was all because of that strange metal dildo.

I made sure to thank Jerome when he came home a few days later. He'd earned it.—K.J., *New Hampshire*

**I pumped the steel dildo faster, and every stroke sent shivers down my spine and made my pussy tingle.**



## ■ TRADERS

Adam and I went to college together, we went to the same law school, we're partners in the same firm, and now, we're members of the same swingers club. I didn't know he and his wife were swingers until my wife told me six months ago. Apparently she had been talking to Evelyn, Adam's wife, and they'd somehow mentioned how attracted they were to each other's husband. (And they say men are always lusting after what they can't have. Ha!) In the course of their talk, it came up that they were into wife-swapping, and Janet mentioned that we were, too.

The two of them planned a little get-together so they could do some husband-swapping, and let me tell you, it was one hell of a night! There was dinner and wine and flirting, but none of that matters. The steak was good, but the fucking was better.

Things started after dinner. Janet, ever the go-getter, had no qualms about being the first to make her move, and without any pretense, she stood up and went to sit on Adam's lap. But she didn't just sit, she wiggled her ass against him, obviously trying

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to arouse him. If you saw my wife that night, in her short dress, no bra or panties, her round ass and firm tits barely contained by the thin silk, you'd know Adam didn't stand a chance.

Not to be outdone, Evelyn came over to me and got on her knees. I barely had time to register what was going on before my pants were open and my dick was in Evelyn's mouth.

Adam had his hands in my wife's dress, one fondling her juicy tits and the other firmly gripped between her thighs. I could only imagine what that hand was doing. I didn't have time to focus on them, though, because Evelyn was really doing a number on my dick. She had the tip of my cock hitting the back of her throat in seconds, deep-throating me faster than my wife ever had. The deeper she took me, and the longer she held me there, the more I wanted to fuck her.

Looking over, I saw that Janet's dress had been pushed off her shoulders and up around her waist, leaving her almost entirely naked. And even though Adam still had his pants on, I knew from the way my wife was bouncing in his lap that they were fucking. If they were going to do it right in the living room, I would, too. I pushed Evelyn away, stood up, and dropped my pants. Evelyn followed suit, and when we were done stripping, I got on the floor with her. I'd never seen Evelyn naked before, and her body was nice. Now I *really* wanted to fuck her.

I had Evelyn get on her hands and knees, admiring her large, round ass once she was in position. My already-hard prick was aching by then, and I had to fuck her or I'd go crazy. I got behind her and aimed my dick at her cunt, which opened when she spread her legs to accommodate me. I took another quick look at Janet and Adam and saw they were still going at it hard and fast, then I slid my cock into Evelyn.



My cock was pumping in and out of Evelyn's pussy when I heard Janet and Adam moaning and grunting. The sounds were turning me on, and I was pretty sure they were working their magic on Evelyn, too, because she whipped her head up to check out the action across the way. It spurred her on so much that she started pushing back against me, which made me speed up my own thrusting. My balls were soon slapping against her ass, and the sounds of our own fucking started to drown out the noises of our spouses' coupling.

I fucked Evelyn even harder when I heard my wife's climax, feeling my own orgasm bubbling up in my balls. I pumped furiously into Evelyn's cunt, and when I thought I was going to come, I sucked on a finger and pushed it into Evelyn's ass. My wife had told me that our friend likes ass play, and said if I wanted her to come, sticking a finger in her ass was a surefire way to push her over the edge. It worked, and a minute later Evelyn's cunt was spasming around my cock. After a few more thrusts, I was coming, too.

By the time Evelyn and I finished, Janet and Adam were already on to round two, and the four of us spent the rest of the night fucking—even moving to the bedroom eventually.—*R.W., Oklahoma*

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**I pumped furiously into Evelyn's cunt, and when I was ready to come, I sucked on a finger and pushed it into her ass.**

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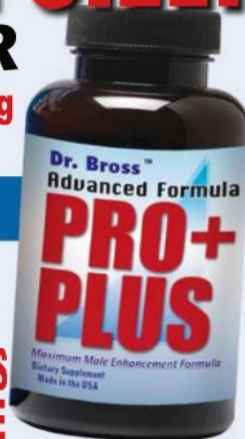
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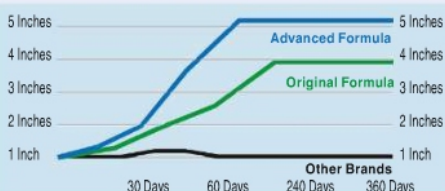
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